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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Golden Eggs

WE admire industry. Naturally, for we are American, and all America admires industry. Everyone in America is measured by his or her industry. The practice of any of the arts is now esteemed more highly than in the past, but the artist (among others) is still measured by his industry. "How have his books sold?" for instance,—"What is his last book?", "What is he doing now?", "My, he must make a lotta money!"

Industry, in the sense of continuous production of the printed word, may or may not have anything to do with the worth of a writer. That, it seems to us, is axiomatic. But it is not considered axiomatic in these United States. Many publishers consider continuous production by their best authors a necessity, not only for the publisher's profits, but, as they put it, for the author's reputation. "You must keep your name before the public," they say. "You can't afford to let this year go by with nothing from your pen." "What book are you contemplating now?" The best writers, or the most popular, are constantly aware of this pressure to produce, administered tactfully and flatteringly, of course. And then there are the golden offers from all sides. "Can't you do us a story for our December number?", "We *do* want a short serial from you!", "Won't you give us your views upon marriage by the 15th?" So on and so on.

Publishers are generous with "advances" to authors who lay the golden eggs. (The eggs are golden for authors also!) Editors of magazines are generous with the prices offered for short stories and articles and serials. Any writer of distinction can make money, and lots of it, if he is industrious. But how is this industry going to affect the product he markets? In nine cases out of ten, of course, it deteriorates in quality.

For it should be entirely obvious that books cannot be produced to order in batches like loaves of bread, that really good stories cannot punch the time-clock, that distinguished writing cannot be turned on from a tap, at will. There is, of course, the side of the authors who bless the market. They prefer to live by the work of their pen; from the market value of typewritten sheets they intend to pile up as comfortable a fortune as the law of supply and demand will allow them. Well, they who live by the pen shall perish by the pen. It is an existence with many rewards, many exhilarations, but the chances are that, in the quantity producer of fiction (or any other form of creative writing), something will wither,—something that is essential to the greatest work. At best such an author will perform adequately for a time, but never again will he touch the mark set by earlier spontaneity.

No one should admire mere quantity production in contemporary literature. But many do. To our way of thinking it were better that even the most dependable of our writers let season after season drift by without putting forth another book, rather than that he give evidence of his continuing industry by the production of work he knows in his soul to be beneath his best. To those who earn their livings by the pen, this is of course a meaningless counsel of perfection. The status of the artist in a cold world, where the law of supply and demand operates with deadly and unfeeling accuracy, requires him (if he desire to live as comfortably as his fellow men) either to make his literary work a side issue and pay his way by some sort of occupation in business, or to forswear comfort (much less affluence), and write what he darn pleases (struggling along somehow on the proceeds), or to engage in the quantity production of what passes for literature.

In the last instance his product may *be* literature, to begin with; but almost certainly, if he gains his whole livelihood thereby, the tarnish will creep over it. The more industrious he becomes, while fortune smiles, the more surely he is bound to fall victim to formula or other literary vices.

We are pessimistic, we know,—and rather insufferable. Some writers with real claims to greatness have made a mint of money, poured forth novels and short stories steadily and regularly, and at the same time have exercised their best talents to the utmost. In some, genius has passed on the torch from volume to volume within a remarkably short space of time. Yes, but how few are capable of the feats of the giants?

The true creative energy in the average writer does not suffice to turn out ten novels in ten years, or even (say) seven. The creative energy of the Genius *may* suffice. That is another story. Yet the whole attitude of modern publishing favors quantity production. Well as he may write, a publisher begins to lose interest in an author who spaces his successive literary achievements over long periods of time. He may be infinitely wiser to do so. He may gauge with absolute accuracy the extent of his own particular vein. He may be waiting, not foolishly but with acumen, upon the visitation of his purest genius. He is not, however, a quantity producer. And therefore (while it goes without saying that he has absolutely no standing in the eyes of the community at large) he has also very little

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Solstice

By GEORGE O'NEIL

INTO the zenith's bush of silver thorns,
Day, like a golden stag, throws up its head,
Then sinks, haunch-deep, upon the river-bed,
Bathing the bloody horns.

And down across the world begins to stream
A rosy gush upon the wintry river.
Now all the little foxes turn and quiver
And dream the tiger's dream.

This Week

"January Garden." Reviewed by *John Erskine.*

"A Daughter of the Samurai." Reviewed by *William Elliot Griffis.*

"The College President." Reviewed by *H. N. MacCracken.*

"Free Thought in the Social Sciences." Reviewed by *Harold J. Laski.*

"Clara Barron." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

To a Young Girl. By *Edmund Wilson.*

Next Week

A. E. Housman. By *Delancey Ferguson.*

The Man From Texas*

By WICKHAM STEED.

Editor of *The Review of Reviews;* sometime editor of the *London Times*

THIS book might be called simply "The Colonel." "Paris is full of colonels, but there is only one Colonel and he never wears uniform," Northcliffe used to say in 1918, when Colonel House had become, even more fully than he was before the United States entered the War, *the* representative of America in Europe. There is little or nothing of the War Colonel in Professor Seymour's remarkable pages. He is there, potentially; but, inasmuch as the narrative ceases with the American Declaration of War upon Germany at the beginning of April, 1917, he is not there either in his capacity as a good fighter or as a still greater peace maker. Rather does he appear as he was aptly described by an American rhymster during the Peace Conference—

Always unquotable
Wholly ungoatable
Secretly notable
  Silence's Spouse;
Darkly inscrutable
Quite irrefutable
Nobly immutable
  Edward M. House.

True, Professor Seymour shows that there were times when the Colonel was more human than these lines make out. But he shows also the genesis and the shaping of one of the most remarkable characters which the War brought into universal prominence, and the secret ambition of a man whose motives were a constant puzzle to the lesser minds among the statesmen with whom he had to deal.

To me, who knew something of the War Colonel and more of the Peace Colonel, this book is so new that I can write of it with greater freedom than if it had covered the part played by the United States in the War, at the Peace Conference, and afterwards. When I found that it stopped on the threshold of the period which to me is the most interesting, I felt, indeed, the sort of disappointment which lovers of Robert Louis Stevenson must feel when they reach the end of his unfinished "Weir of Hermiston." What a story it would have been could he have completed it! In the case of Colonel House, it may be assumed that the finished story will one day appear; and even the present volumes are more satisfying than Stevenson's fragment in that they give the key to the whole man, the "Treasure Island" part of him as well as the rest. In Europe, at any rate, most people never knew that there was a "Treasure Island" side to the Colonel. They did not dream that he could have "made good," with a six-shooter or a Winchester, in any Wild West Show; and when it was whispered that, on some rifle range in an American camp in France, he had scored bull's eye after bull's eye to the amazement of onlookers, the tale seemed so incompatible with the Colonel's silent and self-effacing diplomatic character that it was not readily believed.

If the general public find fewer "revelations" than they expected in these extracts from his "Intimate Papers" and in the narrative into which Professor Seymour has skilfully woven them, it will probably be because the Colonel has been true to himself and has not thought right to make known the sad conclusion to his years of devoted work for Woodrow Wilson or the record of his efforts to prevent the Peace Conference from going awry.

*THE INTIMATE PAPERS OF COLONEL HOUSE. Arranged as a narrative by CHARLES SEYMOUR. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1926. 2 vols.

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But readers whom Dr. Page's Letters charmed will be themselves to blame if they do not find Prosymour's volumes more enchanting still. In his book is indispensable as a corollary and, respects, as a corrective to Dr. Page's letters. It shows how closely Dr. Page had espoused the Allied cause and the extent to which he had, on that account, lost influence in America. It is history in the making and history made. It gives the clue to the origins of the League of Nations covenant, and of that much-discussed phrase "The Freedom of the Seas." It throws fuller light upon the character of President Wilson than any that has been shed from other quarters. It is a dry light, drier than the Colonel would himself have shed had he, unwisely, compiled the narrative himself. In nothing is his wisdom more apparent than in his decision to give his whole collection of political papers to Yale University and to entrust the choice, arrangement, and interpretation of them to a trained historian. In a "Prefatory Note" he says:

> In my opinion, it ill serves so great a man as Woodrow Wilson for his friends, in mistaken zeal, to claim for him impeccability. He had his shortcomings, even as other men, and having them gives him the more character and virility. As I saw him at the time and as I see him in retrospect, his chief defect was temperamental. His prejudices were strong and oftentimes clouded his judgments. But he was what the head of a State should be—intelligent, honest, and courageous . . . Had the Versailles Treaty gone through the United States Senate as written and without question, Woodrow Wilson would have been but one of many to share in the imperishable glory of the League of Nations. But the fight which he was forced to make for it, and the world-wide proportions which this warfare assumed, gradually forced Woodrow Wilson to the forefront of the battle, and it was around his heroic figure that it raged. While he went down in defeat in his own country, an unprejudiced world begins to see and appreciate the magnitude of the conception and its service to mankind.

How generous is this tribute to President Wilson by his principal helper—a helper whose advice had it been heeded, might have saved Woodrow Wilson from defeat even in his own country—readers of Professor Seymour's story may gain some notion. The growth of the League of Nations idea, if not actual conception itself, was due quite as much Colonel House and Sir Edward Grey as to Woodrow Wilson. Yet House has been able to see his fondest hopes frustrated, to see himself rejected by the man whom he had twice made President of the United States, without retaining any trace of bitterness and, without losing his power to put "The Thing Itself" so high above personal pride or sensitiveness as still to attribute the chief honor to his dead friend.

It was Governor Hogg of Texas who provided House with the title of "Colonel" by appointing him to his staff. He had not consulted House who got rid of the staff Colonel's uniform by bestowing it upon an ancient and grateful darkey, but who could not get rid of the title. Little by little House became the chief power in Texas politics; and after the third defeat of Bryan in the American Presidential campaign of 1908, House began to look for a better Democratic candidate. In 1910 he went to the Eastern States and found in Woodrow Wilson, then Governor of New Jersey, the man he sought. They met in November, 1911, a year before the next Presidential election, and speedily became close friends. So akin were their minds that Wilson used to say "We have known each other always." Thanks to House's strategy and genius for careful organization, Wilson was nominated for the Presidency in the autumn of 1912.

When Wilson had been elected, difficulties began. The making of his Cabinet and the choosing of candidates for appointments proved the more difficult because the Democratic party had been so long out of office. Dr. Page, who was presently appointed Ambassador in London, would have been made Secretary for the Interior had he not happened to be away from Washington. House's quiet influence succeeded in smoothing away most of the difficulties. The source of his power was the confidence men had in his sagacity and unselfishness. Of him President Wilson said, in reply to a politician who had asked him whether House represented him accurately, "Mr. House is my second personality. He is my independent self. His thoughts and mine are one. If I were in his place I would do just as he suggested." Nevertheless, House was by no means blind to the defects of Wilson's temperament. He saw that the President was inclined to "dodge trouble"; that he had intense prejudices against people, though he could be very loyal to those whom he liked; that he was prone to do important things without much reflection and that, with all his judgment, ability, and patriotism, he had "a one-track mind." Such a man did not readily "mix" with other men or gain popularity. All the more important was it therefore that he should have by his side a man like House who was at once conciliatory, firm, and broad-minded.

Thus it came about that House helped Wilson to carry through the Income Tax Law, the creation of the Federal Reserve banking system, the control of trusts, and the regulation of industrial relations. Still more important was House's conception of pan-American policy which was designed to link up the South American Republics with the United States upon the basis of an equal partnership. House also was largely instrumental in settling the Panama Canal tolls question which had caused much controversy with Great Britain, inasmuch as the exemption of American coastwise ships from the Canal tolls violated the Anglo-American Treaty of 1901. House's pan-American policy contained, indeed, the germ of the League of Nations Covenant, for it contemplated a League of American States which should guarantee to its members security from aggression and furnish a means for the pacific settlement of disputes. Originally, too, it was intended to provide for the elimination of the private manufacture of arms. Sir Edward Grey, whom House first met in London in 1913, agreed with this idea of a pan-American Pact which as finally drafted in 1914, bears a singular resemblance to some of the principal provisions in the Covenant of the League of Nations.

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Before the pan-American Pact could be carried through, House's attention was diverted to the menacing position in Europe. As he afterwards put it to President Wilson in a letter from Berlin: "The situation is extraordinary. It is militarism run stark mad. . . There is some day to be an awful cataclysm." To Sir William Tyrrell of the British Foreign Office, who had been sent on a special mission to Washington in the winter of 1913, House had confided his wish to bring about an understanding between France, Germany, England, and the United States for a reduction of military and naval armaments. Sir William Tyrrell suggested the procedure for this "great adventure" and promised to give Colonel House all the memoranda that had passed between Great Britain and Germany upon the question of disarmament—an early proof of the confidence which House inspired. Ten days later, President Wilson gave the plan his warm approval. It was decided that the Colonel should go to Berlin in the spring and discuss his plan with the Kaiser. If he were willing to entertain it, House should go on to England. Armed only with the authority of being a personal friend of the President, Colonel House reached Berlin towards the end of May, 1914, saw Admiral von Tirpitz, the German Minister of Marine, and everybody of importance, and finally had a heart to heart talk with the Kaiser himself. He found Tirpitz very anti-English; and though the Kaiser insisted that there would be no further naval competition with England when the navy was completed, he agreed that House might be better able than any European to bring about an understanding with a view to peace. What impressed House chiefly in Germany was not so much a will to war on any definite plan, but an unreasoning nervousness which might at any moment result in a reckless attack, and a complete inability to approach the problem with intelligent poise and capacity for compromise.

In Paris, whither the Colonel went from Berlin, he found discussion impossible. The shooting of M. Calmette by Madame Caillaux had caused so much excitement that nothing else was talked of. But, in London, Sir Edward Grey and other prominent men took keen interest in his idea though, as House wrote to President Wilson, "everything was cluttered up with social affairs and people's thoughts were on Ascot and garden parties." Finally, Sir Edward Grey accepted House's general idea, and it was agreed that a frank and open policy should be pursued by all parties. This was on June 26, 1914—two days before the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo. On July 3, the Colonel heard from Sir William Tyrrell that Sir Edward Grey wanted him to let the Kaiser know of the peaceable sentiments of the British in order that further negotiations might follow; and House at once wrote a long letter to the German Emperor. But, by the time this letter reached Germany, the Emperor had already started on his cruise in Norwegian waters after having promised to support Austria in calling Serbia to account. Nevertheless, the Kaiser subsequently remarked that "the visit of Colonel House to Berlin and London in the spring of 1914 almost prevented the world war." In a letter to President Wilson, House himself expressed regret that the British had not made up their minds in time to let him go back to Germany and see the Kaiser before it was too late.

On the other hand, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador in Washington, went so far as to suggest that, while it was the information brought by House from Berlin that had opened Grey's eyes to the gravity of the situation, the War Party in Berlin and Vienna had been alarmed by his visit and had therefore taken advantage of the Archduke's murder and of the Kaiser's absence to precipitate matters, believing that it was then or never. This hypothesis, as Professor Seymour remarks, is interesting but not conclusive. Still more interesting is the question as to what might have happened had House been encouraged by Sir Edward Grey, in the middle of June, 1914, to return immediately to Berlin and to open negotiations. The fact that America was conducting an exchange of views for a pacific settlement between France, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States might have given a different turn to the crisis that arose after the assassination of the Austro-Hungarian Heir-Apparent.

The story of American neutrality during the first two and a half years of the war is told in graphic detail and with remarkable inside knowledge in Professor Seymour's volumes. President Wilson came out strongly for neutrality in thought and action. Even Roosevelt congratulated the country on the separation from Europe which permitted it to be neutral. President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard was one of the rare Americans, who, from the outset, urged the necessity of a positive policy in order to insure the defeat of Germany. President Wilson, himself, wrote Colonel House, "goes even further than I in his condemnation of Germany's part in this war, and almost allows his feeling to include the German people as a whole rather than the leaders alone." But he insisted that this feeling ought not to affect his political attitude. Later on, House thought him "singularly lacking in appreciation of the importance of this European crisis." Indeed, it was a dispute with the British over their control of the seas and the interpretation of contraband of war that first woke Wilson up.

As early as September, 1914, House made an attempt in Washington to start peace negotiations. It failed, as many subsequent attempts were to fail, and as his mission to Europe, in the hope of finding a basis for peace, was to fail in the following year. That mission had, nevertheless, important consequences. Sir Edward Grey insisted, in conversation with House, that America would have to be a party to a general guarantee of world-wide peace. In fact, Grey's conviction that the world would not be safe from the menace of war unless some international mechanism were established to provide a "permanent international conference," impressed itself upon Colonel House and, through him, upon President Wilson. It was finally translated into the Covenant of the League, in the drafting of which the ideas and the diplomacy of House became of the utmost importance.

Another idea that arose out of the discussions with Sir Edward Grey and Sir William Tyrrell—that Great Britain would be better protected by rules of war giving absolute freedom to merchant vessels of all nations to sail the seas in wartime than by the right of seizure and of naval blockade—had a very different fate. This idea was accepted in principle on the British side. It was recognized that the submarine had changed the conditions of maritime warfare and that in future Great Britain would be better protected by such a policy than she had been in the past by maintaining an overwhelming navy. Out of this recognition came the proposals which House afterwards termed the "freedom of the seas." These proposals were presently taken up and utilized by pacifists and German propagandists as an argument against the British blockade. As Professor Seymour writes: "The fact which must touch the sense of humor of the historian is that the 'freedom of the seas,' later so bitterly opposed by the British and generally regarded as a German trick, was first suggested by the British Foreign Office as a means of furthering British interests."

Throughout these and all subsequent discussions the Colonel was treated with the utmost confidence

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by the British Government and was given a private cipher for the purpose of confidential communication with Sir Edward Grey. Though House's efforts yielded no result in 1915 beyond revealing the unwillingness of any of the belligerents to yield an inch, they had put him in intimate touch with British Ministers. As Sir Edward Grey wrote of him in his book, "Twenty-five Years":

> Our conversations became almost at once not only friendly but intimate. I found combined in him in a rare degree the qualities of wisdom and sympathy. In the stress of war it was at once a relief, a delight, and an advantage to be able to talk with him freely. His criticism or comment was valuable, his suggestions were fertile, and these were all conveyed with a sympathy that made it pleasant to listen to them.

One other result should be mentioned. In House's mind the organization of an eventual Peace Conference began to take shape. A note which he made after his conversations with Grey in April, 1915, actually outlines the scheme which he intended to put into practice at the Paris Peace Conference at the beginning of 1919—a scheme that would have obviated most of the blunders then made. Unluckily he fell ill at the beginning of the Paris Peace Conference, and by the time he had recovered things had gone too far for him to mend. Nevertheless, his Note of 1915 shows the extent and the quality of his foresight.

* * *

The Colonel was still in London when the "Lusitania" was sunk on May 7, 1915. He telegraphed at once to President Wilson that an immediate demand should be made upon Germany for an assurance that nothing of the kind should occur again and that, if the assurance were not given, America should take such measures as were necessary to ensure the safety of American citizens.

> If war follows (he added) it will not be a new war but an endeavor to end more speedily an old war. Our intervention will save rather than increase the loss of life. America has come to the parting of the ways when she must determine whether she stands for civilized or uncivilized warfare. We can no longer remain neutral spectators.

From this time onwards both House and Wilson reckoned with the possibility that America might either be drawn into the war or be obliged to intervene to bring it to an end. The Colonel seems to have felt that the military situation in all the theatres of war was tending towards a deadlock which none of the belligerents would be able to break. He was convinced that the United States alone could give a lead towards peace, either by mediation or by the threat of intervention or by actually intervening. In order to add weight to American policy, he wished President Wilson immediately to make military and naval preparations. To this plea the President was deaf. He was not pro-German, as was currently supposed at the time. To Mr. Brand Whitlock, the American Minister in Brussels, who told him that he was heart and soul for the Allies, Wilson replied: "So am I. No decent man, knowing the situation and Germany, could be anything else." But Wilson believed that many Americans were not of his opinion and that in the West and Middle West there was frequently no opinion at all. Consequently, he doubted whether he was entitled to bring the country into a war which it did not understand. Thus things drifted on. Between Sir Edward Grey and the Colonel correspondence continued, Grey insisting that an essential condition of any lasting peace must be a League of Nations whose members would bind themselves to side against any Power which broke a treaty, violated certain rules of warfare on land or sea, or refused, in case of dispute, to adopt some other method of settlement than that of war. He wanted to know whether President Wilson would be prepared to make this proposal.

House undertook to lay it before the President and wrote to Grey that, should the Central Powers reject such a proposal, it would "probably" be necessary for the United States to join the Allies and force the issue—the word "probably" having been added by the President. The upshot of this correspondence and of further exchanges of view was that House returned to Europe in January, 1916, and had protracted conferences with Grey, Asquith, Lloyd George, Lord Reading, and other prominent British public men, the main idea being that the United States should call a Peace Conference, propose terms for a settlement, including a League of Nations, and that if Germany and Austria-Hungary refused to entertain these proposals, America should intervene on the side of the Allies. House's terms were the cession of Alsace-Lorraine to France, the restoration of Belgium and Serbia, Constantinople for Russia, and a League of Nations to prevent aggressive war. He believed that the acceptance of such terms by Germany would mean the defeat of German militarism and the failure of the militarist plan for the control of Europe.

From London, House went to Berlin and again saw the leading people in Germany. He soon found that no German was in a mood to consider peace terms that would satisfy the Allies, and he perceived that Austria-Hungary and Turkey had become "little more than provinces of Germany. The Central Empire runs from the Baltic to the Dardanelles and beyond." On his way back through Paris he saw the French Prime Minister, M. Briand, with whom he agreed that should the Allies gain notable victories during the spring and summer of 1916, the United States would not intervene; but that it would intervene in case the tide of war went against the Allies, or remained stationary. It was, however, to be clearly understood that should the Allies delay calling for American assistance until they were on the verge of a catastrophe, it would be too late.

On returning to London, the negotiations with the British Cabinet were resumed. House was greatly struck by the courage of Grey, whom he had never known "to suggest a mean or unworthy thought." On February 14, 1916, he dined at Lord Reading's house with Asquith, Grey, Lloyd George, and Balfour, whom he informed that the Germans would probably attack in the West, possibly at Verdun, before the spring (this was a week before the actual attack at Verdun, which took the French by surprise). As a result of this dinner, it was agreed that Grey should write a Memorandum of the understanding reached; and that, after it had been placed before the entire Cabinet, House should take the Memorandum with him to Washington. This was the origin of the famous "House Memorandum," which Lord Grey published in his book, "Twenty-five Years." It provided that President Wilson should summon a Conference to put an end to the war on hearing from France and England that the moment was opportune, and that if the Conference failed to secure peace, the United States would "probably" make war on the side of the Allies—the word "probably" again being inserted by President Wilson when House submitted the Memorandum to him. When, on March 24, 1916, the Germans torpedoed the cross-channel steamer "Sussex," with American citizens on board, American action seemed inevitable; but, as House noted in his Diary, Wilson was extremely reluctant to back up his own threats and "does not seem to realize that one of the main points of criticism against him is that he talks boldly but acts weakly."

At last Wilson sent a note to Germany threatening to break off diplomatic relations, and Germany climbed down. About the same time Grey wrote House that, in view of the Verdun battle and of other circumstances, he and all his colleagues felt they could not take the initiative in asking the French to consider a peace conference on the lines of the "House Memorandum." Nevertheless, Grey realized that, if the proposal for a conference had been made and the Germans had refused it or had rejected the American terms, the United States would have joined the Allies much earlier than it did. When, on May 12, 1916, Grey finally declined the idea of summoning a peace conference, House was bitterly disappointed. He felt that the only prospect of ending the war before the complete exhaustion of all belligerents had disappeared; and he wrote to Dr. Page, the American Ambassador in London: "I have come to feel that if the Allies cannot see more clearly in the future than they have in the past, it is hardly worth while for us to bother as much as we have." Simultaneously, the tightening of the British blockade began to strain Anglo-American relations so seriously as to convince House that "but for the murderous and the equally illegal maritime methods of Germany it would have been next to impossible to avoid war with Great Britain." President Wilson became so irritated that he proposed to build a navy bigger than the British and then to do whatever America might please. Thus, through crisis after crisis, things drifted on until Wilson had again been elected President of the United States in November, 1916. Wilson then issued a Peace Note to the belligerents without consulting House. It proved a complete fiasco and had the effect of estranging everybody. Wilson was nettled and became more neutral than ever. Even on January 4, 1917, when it became evident that, despite American opposition, the Germans were about to declare an unrestricted submarine campaign, he scouted the idea that this would bring the United States into the war, and actually said to House: "There will be no war. This country does not intend to become involved in this war. We are the only one of the great white nations that is free from war to-day and it would be a crime against civilization for us to go in." Three months later he declared war on Germany.

At the end of January, the Germans flouted Wilson by declaring an unrestricted submarine campaign and by outlining peace terms that were diametrically opposed to American ideas. At that moment Wilson was more neutrally-minded than he had ever been. The only thing that could have made him anti-German was the action taken by Berlin. He said that "he felt as if the world had suddenly reversed itself; that after going from East to West, it had begun to go from West to East, and that he could not get his balance." When he regained his balance, he sent the German Ambassador home and, having lost his "gamble on peace," decided, after many doubts and waverings, to make war. Then he became at one stroke the most influential man in the world and began to emphasize in clear language the strong but ill-defined longing of all peoples—that this was a war to end war, that there must be a new international order, based on liberty, a concert of purpose and action that would henceforth ensure the observance of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power.

* * *

From the invaluable records printed in these volumes, it is clear that the conditions of peace afterwards outlined by President Wilson in his "Fourteen Points," and the conception of the League of Nations with its Covenant, were by no means sudden inspirations but had developed gradually in the course of years. It is clear, too, that the most constant influence in shaping them, if not their actual originator, was Colonel House, whose mind was more fertile and original than that of his friend. It would be hard, if not impossible, to find a historical parallel for the self-effacing work done by this "Man from Texas," who gained the confidence of responsible statesmen in the Old World and the New to an extent that was unique rather than rare. Round the famous "Memorandum," which he carried back from England early in 1916, controversy will longe rage. Had a Peace Conference been summoned by President Wilson on the basis of the peace terms House proposed, it is practically certain that Germany would have rejected either the Conference, or the terms, or both; and that, despite President Wilson's "probably," the United States would have been brought into the war nearly a year sooner. But Allied statesmen may be pardoned for having assigned great importance to the "probably," and for not having relied entirely upon Wilson's readiness to act up to the implications of his words.

There was, moreover, a point of weakness in House's peace terms. They would have left the Austrian problem unsolved. Without the solution of that problem there could have been no hope of preventing the substantial realization of pan-German aims. The Colonel certainly did not then understand the overwhelming importance of the Austrian and the Central European aspects of the war as he came to understand them later; and, to this extent, his proposals were dangerous. On the other hand, few if any responsible European statesmen understood them better than he; and had the United States come into the war in the spring or summer of 1916, events might have provided the necessary education, as they afterwards did.

But these speculations, though interesting, are now mainly academic. The practical conclusion to be drawn from the war as it was fought and from the peace as it was made, is that the only chance of saving the world from worse catastrophe is to go forward on the lines foreseen by Colonel House in 1913 and 1914 and followed in 1919 as the framework for the Covenant of the League. Unless the European nations from whom the United States withdrew its support at the most difficult moment of the struggle for lasting peace, prove incapable of rising above their reciprocal fears and animosities, the day will certainly come when the American people, recognizing the debt it owes to the Colonel, quite as much as to his friend, the President, will feel an irresistible desire to join again in striving to secure the practical realization of their ideals.

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The Seeing Eye

JANUARY GARDEN. By MELVILLE CANE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926.

Reviewed by JOHN ERSKINE
Author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"

THIS is an unusual book of verse. It looks enough like many others to deceive the casual glance, but the reader who loves poetry will recognize in these seventy pages something rare. A rare spirit, first of all. Mr. Cane has contacts with nature which may not be new but which certainly are fresh. He is concerned far less with ideas about nature than with emotions, the delicate flavors of experience, the instinctive admirations and protests, which nature starts in us. I think him a true poet because I find in his work not the meaning nature may have for him, but the meaning it has for me—and I suspect that others too will find their portrait here; the manner is personal and autobiographic, the subjects are the eternal ones of gardens, dawns, sunsets, moons, stars, weather, birds, animals, and the contrast of city and country, but what the poet achieves is a quickening of our imagination, he teaches us to examine ourselves and to rescue bits of life we were about to forget. A garden in winter has often given me—or almost given me—a sense of the hard forbidding earth, the unnecessarily closed surface of life. Now I have the experience well in my grip:

Take a sharp pick,
Break the harsh thick
Wintry metal:
Once you might have found
Springing through the ground
What goes to shape a petal.

. . . .

Once from here did stream
Odor, like a dream—
That which more than form or color, makes a rose a rose.

You feel in these poems an unusual sincerity, a resolution to report each experience as it is. Though all poets are supposed to follow the same resolve, we'll admit in our honest moods that we often end by criticizing the experience instead of reporting it. Our sincerity takes the form of wishing we had other experiences, and sometimes we go looking for them or invent them. Mr. Cane's originality lies in the fact that he accepts himself, for better or worse, and it turns out to be for the better; for when he has given his sincere version of himself, it proves an engaging portrait, which is one reason why we are so ready to accept it as a picture of ourselves. I have seldom been aided to find so much poetry in familiar incidents, and I suspect that if Mr. Cane had gone hunting for more ambitious themes I might have missed the poetry altogether. Suppose his sense of humor had persuaded him not to write one more poem on a star!

Point of piercing silver!
It has no shape, like a cloud,
Nor odor, like a flower,
No depth, like a pool,
No warmth, like the breast of a bird,
Nor, like a bird, a song.

The sun's a ball of fire,
The moon's a disc of ice.
Only the soul knows how to form a star.

If I were to name the poems which surprise me by their success in making old themes and common experiences altogether fresh, I should have to list most of the pieces in the book. After some decades of reading, I did not expect to get a new delight from a spring poem, but "Snow in April" brought a pleasure of its own. If the household cat killed a rat, I suppose I should feel proud of the cat, but if the rat proved on inspection to be a baby rabbit, how quickly the execution would turn into a murder, and how unpopular the cat would be. You may be surprised to find an experience so humble used to suggest the thoughts which stay with you after the poem "Feelings." And I have thought for a long time, ever since I first read it some years ago, that "Winter Night"—it's any winter night—is one of the finest poems written in our century.

It is natural to speak first and chiefly of the sincerity of these poems, but the fineness of their spirit comes from something rarer even than sincerity. Here is the work of a true lover of beauty, who loves beauty so instinctively that he can suggest it unconsciously, and can provoke us to see it for ourselves. The verse he uses is for the most part of a very irregular structure—the reader will probably call it free verse. But it is true verse, genuine rythm, and best of all, it is beautiful. Free verse is worth discussing only so long as the poet can't write verse. Mr. Cane can, and there's nothing to say except to praise the result. To be sure, he favors tricks of printing which seem to mean something to certain contemporary poets. He will break up a perfectly smooth sentence and print the fragments separately, one each to a line.

Cows have such a serious look,
They must be thinking.
But I don't know—
I've seen
The same look
On men.

This style in broken phrases means nothing to me, but if the poets like it I can extract my own poetry from it and try to grow up to the æsthetic effect which I must be missing. I'm handicapped by the fact that this way of printing a sentence first came to my attention in grammars, where the design was to help children to parse.

Aside from its own great merits, this book seems to me important as illustrating an American tendency. Mr. Cane has been a writer all his life, but like others in his generation he turned away from the arts to follow a profession. Now in middle life a neglected part of him demands to be neglected no more, and he writes because he must. He is not unique. The hunger for beauty and for the expression of beauty which marks our time, will come to important results in the young—and in the elders who remain young. I put this book down with the conviction that we have another American poet, and I want to see what he does next—and also with the feeling that the hunger for beauty, as he expresses it, makes me happy because it is normal, the result of health, and no longer of starvation.

Japanese Womanhood

A DAUGHTER OF THE SAMURAI. By ETSU INAGAKI SUGIMOTO. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by WILLAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

THE mirror plays a great part in Japanese folk-lore, romance, drama, proverbial literature, and even in history. This book is a flawless mirror of the deep-hidden soul of Japan, the daily life, the past experiences of the nation, the race-memory, and of the new and multitudinous problems nobly met. To change, or even to adapt an ancient civilization based on high ideals—as high for the individual samurai (knight) and for the ruling classes as those in Europe, and which native, poet, romancer, ceramatist, artist, sculptor, and even religionist has so abundantly glorified—to modern conditions and necessities, was a colossal task. It required vision, insight, and patience. Yet the Japanese, because they chose the right path, have achieved the feat. In 1870, when "seeking for knowledge and talent, throughout the world, to relay the foundations of the empire," they took as their motto and working principle: "Education is the basis of all progress."

Looking into the mirror of Japan's history, any fair-minded judge must hand down more than an opinion. He does but state simple fact that behind every soldier, pioneer, daring reformer, and forward-pressing statesman, marched a woman. In the day of the re-creation of Dai Nippon, beginning from within, a century before Commodore Perry appeared in 1853, the sacred record in Genesis well applies, "male and female created He them."

Yet, what presentation to foreigners and the western world has been made of Japanese womanhood—"one-half of Japan"? At once, on opening a treaty port, facing the double onset and meeting the clash of an industrial civilization and the primitive passions of aliens, two houses must and did arise, with the speed-growth of Jonah's gourd—the Custom House, and that of "the Flowery Meadow" in which latter were the habitations for the wrong kind of women.

The next in the foreigners' literature, travel sketches, stories, "movies," were the gei-sha. Of the real Japanese woman, the daughter of the home, the Westerner, man or woman, knew nothing. She had to live behind the smoke screen of the aliens' prejudices and false impressions.

Only the teacher and the missionary on the soil, as pioneers, because knowing the language, could enter "the forbidden interior." Then it was found that Japan had a soul. Under the white lotus of her art and literature were a thousand rootlets. Nor need any Japanese be ashamed of his national history when laid beside that of the Occident. Nor is the record of knighthood in Europe, or the story of morals, or of religion as enforced by the state, radically different. Even yet, the Oriental and the Occidental suspects each the other's morality. In China today, the secret of commotion there, as in the New Japan, hardly yet three generations old, the native Christian and the pagan alike are keen to discern the abysmal difference between what the Founder of the Christian religion taught and lived, and the conglomerate system that goes under the name of "Christianity"! The latter, as interpreted especially in extra-territoriality, forced treaties that are monuments of injustice, and a morality which at many points shocks the natives' sentiments, convictions, and codes of decency!

Now in this book, we have a real picture, minutely correct, of the Japanese mind and inheritances, by a true child of the Old and the New Japan. It is in substance an autobiography, fascinating in style and form. In all the voluminous library of books on Japan, this, in mirror-like representation, excels all. It took a brave woman who should know both Japan and America to tell thus her feelings and experiences. Yet Mrs. Sugimoto, the instructor in Japanese language and literature in Columbia University, has done this and succeeded.

What right has the reviewer to say this, commending unreservedly the book as unique?

He can only answer that he lived not only in Japan under the feudal system and within the old framework of society, when the ideals of Old Japan even shaped the individual and society, but in the very region where Etsu-bo's home was. In this far interior of the once hermit Japan, he saw the scene and movement, while being welcomed even within the sacred precints of the home. In the capital, in which his sister conducted the first school established by the government for the women of Japan, he learned more of the daughters of the samurai. He was thus able to appraise Bushido—how much the exhalation of a native admirer, and how much reality. Mrs. Sugimoto has truthfully pictured the woman's side of Bushido.

The Golden Eggs

(*Continued from page* 641)

standing in the eyes of the publishers, to whom his name and the products of his pen are of comparatively small financial value.

We shall be accused, we know, of counseling laziness and preciosity upon the part of authors. We shall be reminded that "the only way to write is to *write*," and to write constantly. There is truth in that contention, truth for some, bad advice for others. We shall be told the publishers' side,—that writers expect something for nothing, that they are always looking for a publisher to carry them along with large advances and large royalties, while they do as little as they please. The editors will inform us that the money-mad writer is only too ready and willing to grab the shekels for hasty ill-considered work. There is truth in these contentions also. The majority of writers, we freely admit, are hardly saintly slaves of a cruel commerce.

But it remains that the general atmosphere of "quantity production" is an extremely bad thing for a nation's literature. There will be books enough anyway. A little more consideration should be given to the proposition that any author can do only just so much first-rate work in a lifetime, and that the amount of this work varies very considerably with the individual.

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Academic Rulers

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT. By CHARLES F. THWING. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by PRESIDENT H. N. MACCRACKEN
Vassar College

THIS is an essay towards describing a hitherto unidentified specimen of quaternary man. Unfortunately our scientist has not laid bare the essential bones of the animal. He has contented himself with a few footprints and emanations. These, like a good scientist, he has carefully varnished with good feeling, to preserve, even though slightly shrunken, until a more impersonal age shall recover the whole story. The book, otherwise readable enough, suffers a little from this substitution of good-nature for the blue-black acid of commerce.

The publisher's jacket claims priority of scientific description for Dr. Thwing. His intimate knowledge of the type is certainly extensive. He has been a university president for a generation, and is author of twenty-five books on higher education. Upton Sinclair's "Goosestep" is but a traveler's tale in comparison with this detailed survey.

The presidential activities described are found in the fields belonging to college trustees, faculties, students, graduates, churches, schools, the press, the community, and the world—a sufficiently diversified area of human activities. The college president is all things to all men, and whatever be his characteristics in any given case, "the president represents the progress of the best human forces, and the fixedness of those forces at a point attained." But although representing the fixedness of the best of all possible forces, he must yet "have a sort of instinct for the long future and for world affairs." Or again, "the president is called an administrator and an executive. He is such. But before he is either and while he is both, he is and should be a thinker. Rodin's 'Thinker,' in its pose, represents the president of the future." Some people think they recognize presidential features even in the present model, particularly in its pose.

The writer's opinion of the specimen he has isolated may be judged from his remark that Cardinal Newman would have made an unsatisfactory president of the twentieth century. One mightier than Newman is demanded. Of his many virtues, the author lists twenty as preëminently needed. As a shepherd of a little flock, he will be filled with the graces of patience, faith, love, and religion. As a scholar he will "write much and read more," carry on research, and speak all the time. As an executive he will command energetically but always modestly. Approval is given to the identification of this trait by the late President Seelye of Smith: "to maintain and increase his sway, it is of supreme importance that he be able to repeat sincerely the Master's words, 'Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am; but I am among you as one that serves.'" The college president is also the diplomat in education, with adaptability, conciliatoriness, judicialness, and institutional accommodation (parlous words, but mine author's own), and a sense of proportion. Always tactful but never insincere, he makes haste slowly. In a word, he is the very incarnation of the thirteenth virtue listed in the volume, which may be taken as the epitome of all "constructive conservatism." "The president," says our anthropologist, 'is never to risk the safety of his academic craft."

How well the specimen is described, let academic history judge. To the world an authority on everything, to students and alumni a superman, to teachers an autocrat, to trustees a respectful subordinate, to the community a fountain of (somewhat muddled) eloquence, to himself . . . egoist? sentimentalist? opportunist? Thus "the great" McCosh soliloquized:

> I became heir at once to a rich inheritance handed down by a long line of presidential ancestors. . . . It was my privilege to reap what others had sown; I was awed, and yet encouraged, by the circumstance that I had to follow such intellectual giants as Edwards and Witherspoon. My immediate predecessor was John Maclean, "the well beloved," who watched over the young men so carefully, and never rebuked a student without making him a friend. But I did not allow myself to fall into the weakness of trying to do over again what my predecessors had done, and done so well. My aim had been to advance with the times, and to do a work in my day such as they did in theirs. My heart has all along been in my work, which I commenced immediately after my inauguration.

Thus the alumnus of Brown thrilled over Andrews: "I once met Andrews on the walk. He called me by name and bade me 'good morning.' It changed my whole life." (The author is not laughing, good people, he is soberly describing the traces in the alumnal mud.) Thus Joseph Ward of Yankton pioneered: "whose rule of action in all affairs was to first make sure that a thing ought to be done, in other words that God wanted it done, and then to begin doing it at once, having no doubt as to its ultimate success."

So far our author. He has done his work well, and not more one-sidedly than any scientist or biographer usually does with his pet specimen. When in our times George Washington, in order to remain a national hero, must be rescued from every suspicion of piety and established as a regular feller, surely we cannot complain when a president is thus personified as the ideal gospeler of American success.

What has produced this phenomenon, unique in the world scheme of education? The American college presidency may be described as a "fault" like those of geology, produced by the force of continental expansion breaking through the tight crust of academic tradition. In the absence of any central ministry of education, it was an inevitable step in the process of social adaptation. If faculties had accommodated themselves to the growing nation, if the community had had confidence in the teacher, no presidential interpreter would have been necessary. There has until lately been found no Rosetta stone of learning, translating the hieroglyphic of the seers into the hieratic of professional practitioners, and the demotic of the living people. Contact and communication between minds were lost in the age of radio. Hence pseudo-science, hence Scopes and anti-evolution, hence the whole great maladjustment and misunderstanding of education

Illustration by Edward A. Wilson
From the forthcoming "Life of Walt Whitman," by Cameron Rogers (Doubleday, Page).

today. Popular schools for a century, and superstition gaining on us daily. The college president, at least, has tried to maintain this lost contact, and the college of today is his monument. But the way to resolve a dilemma is to grasp it. There are signs that our chimæra is being found out. Overworked and over-complicated, he is doomed, like the saurians, to an early extinction.

In his place, what? A human being perhaps, with nothing of the mythical about him. A teacher with some reason and some sense, serving for a limited term, let us say six years, with an optional second term, and then returning to the laboratory. A college organization of experts chosen by the two constituencies, a Senate proportionally representative of faculty and students, and a House of trustees representing alumni and the local and general public interest. No debts to be incurred except by the consent of the House, no policies adopted except by consent of the Senate. The function of the Senate to be instruction and research, of the House taxation and budgeting. An administrator chosen by the House, a president by the Senate, each to be confirmed by the other assembly; of the two, the president to control in any application of current policy. Conference all the way.

In a word, face the facts. Colleges have budgets; they must find funds. As custodians of art and tradition, they are entitled to endowment. As creators of new learning, they deserve subsidies. As working schools, teaching the young, their tuition should cover that cost through fee and stipendium. This requires management, conditioning the securing of experts for the faculty. And on the principle of the Boston Tea Party, we must recognize the "citizens of any taxable year." Their good will is indispensable. But the very continuity of the thing called learning demands a check upon the passing moment. It requires the vote of experts and candidates for expertness, in the interest of the academic life, and its cherished freedom.

Such a development is coming to pass, and with it will vanish forever the Ozymandian president. His epic has been sung.

Free Thought in America

FREE THOUGHT IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. By J. A. HOBSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by HAROLD J. LASKI
University of London

MR. HOBSON needs no introduction to an American audience. For many years he has been recognized as one of the most acute and original of English sociologists. The present volume should enhance an already distinguished reputation. It is an extraordinarily interesting and suggestive study of the conditions which hamper freedom in the social sciences, the barriers which stand in the way of disinterested inquiry. Mr. Hobson, in the end, is on the side of the angels; he believes that truth ultimately gains the victory. But he shows with great executiveness the dreary road along which she has to travel before she arrives; and he gives a fascinating series of illustrations of the difficulties she encounters on the journey.

The broad thesis that Mr. Hobson lays down is that granted the difficulty of objective measurement in social affairs, this is increased by the facts (1) that our intellect is too often at the service of our unconscious desires or that (2) social hypotheses are the consciously organized servants of powerful
terests in the community. He illustrates his vi
by a most able analysis of the whole range of so
theory, but with special emphasis upon the history of political economy. He shows how theories like that of marginal utility, and of Nordic superiority (a particularly noxious and ignorant piece of pseudo-science), are used to bolster up systems in dire need of support. He recognizes that the effort is not confined to the dominant interests of the day; socialists convince themselves that the Marxian theory of value is true long after its scientific foundations have been destroyed. But what is above all clear is that each generation provides for itself a social theory which is, in fact, merely a response to its special needs even while it is represented as the incarnation of absolute truth.

I do not think it is possible to deny the general validity of Mr. Hobson's conclusion; and I would add that I am much less certain than he is that truth does ultimately prevail. Anyone who measures the difference between what the intelligence tests really tell us and what, for example, writers like Mr. Lothrop Stoddard can make them mean, will be tempted to wonder whether the mediæval world was not right in its suspicion of free inquiry. To analyze the psychological assumptions, again, of the average orthodox economist is to be aware that he has not, since the days of Jevons, made the slightest effort to adjust his technique to the new foundations. And the political philosophers seem almost as happy with the febrile logomachy of absolute sovereignty as they were in the days of Austin.

What has interested me particularly in Mr. Hobson's book is a hint he drops upon the problem of academic freedom in England and in the United States. He has come, I gather, to the conclusion that, on the whole, the American situation is better; there, he says in effect, radicals may be forced out of the universities, in England they are never let inside. I have pondered much over that dictum. It is five years since I taught in American universities, and the situation may well be different from when I was there. I think it not improbable that a vociferous radical would find election to a fellowship at Oxford or Cambridge a matter of some difficulty; I feel pretty confident that an active communist, however brilliant, would not get a professorship of economics. But I am struck, on the whole, by two things in the universities of this country: (1) by the extraordinary receptivity to new ideas which

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pervades them in general and (2) by the high degree of radicalism among the students. And I note that except for some incredible antics by the Vice-Chancellors at Oxford no barriers have been placed in the way of students who desire access to new ideas and to the persons who expound them. For me, at least, the symbol of the present temper is the fact that a socialist sits in Jowett's chair at Balliol.

That temper is, I think, the cause of the real renaissance in social speculation that has taken place in England in recent years. The work of men like Hobhouse, Tawney, Cole, Graham Wallas, Keynes, has been notable for its courage and its radicalism. Would Mr. Hobson say the same of America? If I try to assess the effort of American teachers of my own subject I find myself in doubt. I find much work in law infinitely bolder and better in quality that anything we do in England; but that, I think, lies in the inept system of teaching law with which we remain content. In political science there is an enormous body of careful and sober description; the government of the United States, for instance, must have been more frequently described than any other in history. But I think, also, that there is an absence of what, for want of a better term, I shall call radical inventiveness. The professor puts a curb on his speculative temper. He indicates that some people doubt this or that; he rarely reveals to us his view of the doubt. Is it insignificant that there should be this emphasis upon merely descriptive fact, this refusal to weigh values, at a time when heresy-hunting in the colleges is still a pastime of the elect? I open an American weekly to discover that in one state of the union a professor has to testify why he joined the committee of 48; and another has to reveal his voting record in presidential elections because he lectures on socialism. I cannot help doubting whether first-rate work can possibly be done under these conditions, and when I look at the average American text book it seems to me the not unnatural product of them. I have been impressed in these last five years by the fact that my graduate students from America have been more enthusiastic about political scientists who are not university teachers than by those who are. I remember the proud boast of an American visitor some months ago that not a single socialist taught economics in a major American university. I believe that to be untrue; but it stays with me as a curious boast to make. People like the Duke of Northumberland probably regret that Mr. Lindsay is master of Balliol and that a Liverpool professor is an ardent supporter of the Plebs League. But I do not believe it would occur even to him—the force of nature could go no further—to agitate for their removal. I admit that my American vision is now probably out-of-date, yet I cannot help the feeling that Mr. Hobson has made his conclusion a little easily. If I am wrong, then the knowledge that a race of thinkers as intellectually fearless and distinguished as Pound and Morris Cohen and John Dewey is making itself felt in the political literature of America is a comforting and grateful reflection. For that may well mean that in the next few years the United States will renew that tradition which, in the first generation of her independent history, made her the leader of the world in political philosophy.

Stormy Lives

A BRAZILIAN MYSTIC. By R. B. Cunninghame-Graham. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh—The Dial Press. 1925. $4.

DOUGHTY DEEDS. By R. B. Cunninghame-Graham. The same. $3.75.

Reviewed by Theodore Purdy, Jr.

ANTONIO MACIEL, called Antonio Conselheiro, is the subject of one of the most successful biographies yet undertaken by that stormy chronicler of stormy lives, Cunninghame Graham, which The Dial Press has recently brought out in a new edition. Properly speaking, the story of the astonishing career and bloody death of this prophet and adventurer of the nineties, part John of Leyden and part Garibaldi, is less important as book news than the newer volume dealing with the author's ancestor, Robert "Doughty Deeds" Graham. But there is an unreasonable fascination in the earlier of the two.

Antonio "The Counselor" lived in the almost unknown interior region of Brazil, the Sertâo, and founded one of those fanatic religious colonies which have flourished in North America at a more remote period. Fundamentally there is no difference between the impulse behind the many comparatively harmless utopias and kingdoms of heaven here, and that which rallied the bloodthirsty Jagunços in the city of Canudos to defeat four military expeditions sent against them by the government, and made them fall to the last man, inexplicably inspired, when the fifth proved overwhelmingly strong. Cunninghame-Graham does the theme justice, and the result is a book filled with strange fire. The author remarks in his preface that this is the type of biography that lies rotting in the rain upon a bargain stall. One trusts that the appearance of a new edition shows how many people have found it there, however damaged, and taken it home with them to read of the devotion of Maciel's followers, singing their litanies amid the destruction and blood and dust of Canudos, and the stark terror of the siege they underwent.

The strictly new volume is perhaps better written, and it is obvious that it was a labor of love for Mr. Graham thus to preserve the memory of his forebear. Evidently he understands and appreciates him. For many the flavor of the life in Scotland and the colonies during the eighteenth century will prove attractive, though the full significance of Robert Graham's career will not come to those unfamiliar with the family traditions. The author of a famous lyric—his only successful attempt at verse—a friend of Sheridan and a model for Hogarth, a politician in his latter days, and foremost a laird, whether at home or abroad, he is worth studying. There is a depressing element, it is impossible not to feel, in his success. The thousands of early pillars of Empire, brutal with an unmeaning brutality, writing their stiff letters home, and finally returning to rule over an undistinguished tribal organization at home, bursting once, just once, into romantic song to prove it possible, so solid and in the main so deadly to read about, appear throughout the book behind this exemplar of their ideals and negative virtues. The portrait is very true, and somehow rather sad. But at least those traditional virtues, with certain strange foreign infiltrations, are responsible for the vivid character and the strong prose of Mr. Robert Bontine Cunninghame-Graham.

A Tragic Woman

CLARA BARRON. By Harvey O'Higgins. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

MR. O'HIGGINS gives us an intensive study of one woman from infancy to death, and with a psychological expertness which is none the less impressive for never being paraded, explains why she makes an inglorious failure of life. It is a good story, merely as a story. But it is a great deal more than that; it is an analysis of the emotional inhibitions, the temperamental defects, that can bring a strong character to grief—that can imprison the spirit as cement walls imprison and wither a green plant. Mr. O'Higgins does not make his case too simple. It does not do to say that Clara Barron was unhappy and futile because she was an egotist; or because she lacked humor and social adaptability; or because she was too ambitious in her strength; or because she was a man-hater. As a matter of fact, she was inherently none of these things. She had in her the elements of well-rounded womanhood, and a tragic combination of heredity and environment—chiefly the environment of her plastic years—accounted for her frustrate career.

To explain the temperamental defects of Clara Barron and the strange repressions which cut her off from happiness, the author begins with a remarkably incisive presentation of her unfortunate home and parentage. She appears in the early pages as a healthy, normal, affectionate little girl of four, the daughter of an English-born resident of Ontario who has married a wealthy woman, and who lives that life of a country gentleman to which he claims he was bred. She is a worshipper of her father. Then comes a series of catastrophies. Her father proves a coward before her very eyes, running away from danger in a boating accident. He reveals himself as a drunkard, who in a stupor one night burns their mansion down. He loses her mother's money in bad investments, and lies about it. He is exposed as a shabby fraud, who is not even of the gentle family of which he boasted, but the son of a tavern-keeper. The family sinks to the town slum.

Poor Clara grows up with the sham of all this, and of the town's gossip about it, burning steadily into her soul. She grows up to find that her father does not pay his honest debts; that he carries on a tawdry love affair with a woman in a boarding-house; that she has to work in a combined grocery and grog-shop to win the family bread. When her love affair with a boy in the grocery seems about to end in marriage, the boy suddenly throws her over. Her poor weak mother dies and leaves her friendless. What effect does all this have on a girl of impressionable nature though unusual force of will?

The last 150 pages of the short, briskly told narrative are devoted to an exposition of the effect. She goes to New York, to put the humiliation and agony of the past behind her with one gesture. To make the gesture complete, she changes her name from Mary Ferrenden to Clara Barron, her mother's name. And she begins an existence from which she wilfully excludes all love of man, all close friendship with woman, all willingness to involve her personality with other human beings. The spectre of past betrayals rises up every time she is tempted to yield to her emotions.

Of course, this frigidity is a little too much for flesh and blood womanhood, for the fundamental traits that might have made Clara Barron a very different person. She is compelled against her resolves to make concessions to weakness. She adopts, in a semi-motherly fashion, a wayward, idealistic scare-crow of a writer, who helps her to become a competent journalist. She actually lives with him, in a completely platonic fashion, in two adjoining rooms of Greenwich village. Once in the delirium of a sudden fever he gropes his way to her bed to be held and soothed. For that one moment, in her sudden rush of emotional warmth, she thinks she will marry him. Then in the chill light of the following morning, when he treats the affair rather clumsily and blushingly as a joke, she withdraws coldly into her cell again. Indeed, she sends him to a different floor to live. As the years pass she throws herself into sociological work and the suffrage movement, and for a time has no better object for her affections than a cat. Then her hungry craving for love leads her to adopt a girl from the stage, and to make a daughter of her for a few weeks; but when the girl suddenly displays too much affection, Clara Barron once more retreats into her shell. Once more, too, she takes steps to make sure that the incident will not be repeated, and the girl, like the journalist, drifts away from her.

Essentially, there is only one ending possible. Clara must press forward on a more and more lonely road until, cut off from everyone, she comes to a lonely death. The manner of it does not matter; as Mr. O'Higgins tells the story, it occurs during war service at the siege of Antwerp. But the real climax of the tragedy came at the moment when she tore herself away irrevocably from the girl and the journalist, her two sole links with personal humanity.

For the careful reader the novel is perhaps a little too much like a clinical analysis; for the careless reader it will lack breadth and color. But in the ease, expertness, and finish with which it achieves the author's intention it is excellent. There is not a psychological misstep visible, and however much a scientific object, Clara Barron is also a convincing human being.

Father and Son

SORRELL AND SON. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by Louis Kronenberger

STUDIES of father and son are not new to fiction, yet they are so much rarer than most other themes that with each recurrence they seem singularly fresh. "Sorrell and Son," though it obviously fails to reach the level of distinguished fiction, has the merit of its theme and of unflagging interest. For a book of four hundred pages it is remarkably free from dull stretches. To be quite honest, I must confess that I find it absorbing less for its principal theme than for something else: it has the rich readability of a convincing "success" story. Beggared by the war and deserted by his wife, Stephen Sorrell, in order to give his son a gentleman's opportunities, humbles his own pride and begins life over as a hotel porter. He climbs from one position to another and ends rich. Because he is so fine and yet, if one doesn't look too deep, so human, it warms the cockles of one's heart to see him get on. Some survival of the feeling which

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gloried in the Alger books glories in the rise of this adult Alger hero.

Mr. Deeping's claims as a novelist, however, are obviously founded on the more significant problem of the book, the relations between father and son. Again if one does not look too deep, they are satisfying and even beautiful relations. The pair are human because of the warmth and intimacy of their association, because of its frankness and love, because of the spirit of sacrifice in the father and the spirit of devotion in the boy. It is true that the relationship is more real than the individuals who form it; when Kit is portrayed by himself in London, he hardly holds together. But the association has a certain charm and pathos, though Mr. Deeping is weak enough to imply for it a moral also: this comradeship, he comes often within an inch of saying outright, is the fruit of confidence, tolerance, and wisdom. And to the moral he juxtaposes what the sceptical always regard with suspicion: the British emphasis on sportsmanship and breeding. In this matter all Americans who are not Anglophiles are inclined to be cynics, but I think that the fair-minded among us will gladly admire the British ideal when it appears, in fiction, as an excellence of deed and character unsung save through itself. But Mr. Deeping cannot refrain from letting his Sorrells prate times without number of what is or is not cricket, so that he cannot refrain from turning his Sorrells into prigs. In doing so, possibly he holds the mirror up to Nature, but I have my doubts that his intention was so objective.

The book covers twenty years with ease and naturalness; it takes Kit from childhood to a responsible place in medicine, and Sorrell from poverty to rather complacent comfort. The end, representing the father's slow death from cancer, is effective and moving, but it has an air of predetermination about it. It is done lovingly enough to be touching, but a little too lovingly to be quite artistic. In the letter it steers clear of sentimentality, but not in the spirit. One finds it human, engrossing, and cordial: but like subtly sugared water, a little too sweet to be pure.

To a Young Girl*

(Indicted for Murder)

ALL night the summer thunder that crashed,
but never cracked
The prison of the smothered town,
Resounded, where I lay, about your prison bed,
To which one furious and drunken act
Had suddenly borne down
The spirit fierce, the stubborn copper head.
And all night, from the dull distended air,
The still unwetted empty street,
That company I kept oppressed me there:
Those praisers of the past, acceptors of defeat,
The ghosts of poets—violent against God
No longer in my day; with those of thirty-odd
Fierce with the first resentments of their teens;
And those robuster captains of the age,
From brooding on some boorish heritage
Grown loud with sullen spleens.
I thought, those have foregone the use of arms;
And if these others, if a few
Have struck, it was but drunkenly like you,
In desperate alarms—
Like you who for the butcher of your heart
Struck down your worshipper. And when have
they—
So rash to shatter pain, with such harsh passion wild,
Breaking the house of life—sustained a bitter part
With braver lies than you I saw today—
Pale, slender and a child,
Enduring without tears
The prison, the barbed pen, the prosecutor's sneers?

And all night long the summer thunder flaps
Above the town, above my bed, above
Your cramped repose of fear and festered love,
Repeating impotent claps.

EDMUND WILSON

*Dorothy Perkins, a seventeen-year-old girl, was tried in New York last June for the shooting of Thomas Templeton. The jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter in the first degree. These lines were written at the time of her trial, which the writer attended.

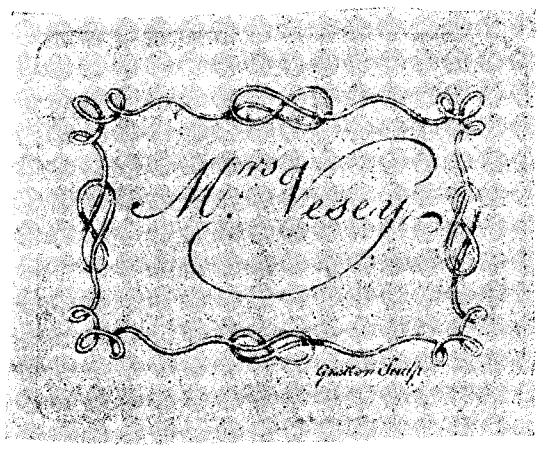
The Bowling Green

Spring Cleaning

IT has been remarked by sagacious observers that the city of Newcastle-on-Tyne is famous not merely for coal, but also for excellent booksellers. The most interesting catalogue I've seen lately comes (by the kindness of a client in Rochester, N. Y.) from the bookshop of William H. Robinson, 4 Nelson Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is a list of the library of Mrs. Elizabeth Vesey (1715-91). Her name has always been charming to me, as I used to imagine (though wrongly, I fear) that the street that in some ways means more to me than any other in New York, was named for her. I even meditated, while I was working there by St. Paul's graveyard, collecting a little book of sketches under the title, "Vesey Street Papers," and dedicating it to her. Who was she? I hear you asking. Well, she was the first blue-stocking.

The first *lady* blue-stocking we should say, for Mr. Ross Balfour, in his prefatory note to Robinson's catalogue of her books, reminds us that the stockings themselves belonged to Mr. Stillingfleet. But it was Mrs. Vesey's drawing-room parties that were the first blue-stocking gatherings, when she used to entertain Dr. Johnson and his colleagues of "The Club." To quote Mr. Ross Balfour:

> There is reason to believe that the following is the true account. At Bath Mrs. Vesey met Benjamin Stillingfleet, the disinherited grandson of the illustrious Bishop of Worcester. He had renounced Society, and was compelled to decline an invitation on the grounds that he did not possess clothes suitable for an evening gathering. Mrs. Vesey, with a swift glance at his everyday attire, which included small clothes and worsted stockings, exclaimed, "Don't mind dress, come in your blue stockings." Stillingfleet obeyed; and subsequently he became so popular at the 'conversations' that 'blue stockings,' as he was called, was in great request. "Such was the excellence of his conversation," wrote Boswell, "that it came to be said, we can do nothing without the blue stockings, and thus by degrees the title was established."



Even casual frequenters of eighteenth century literature have always wondered that a woman of Mrs. Vesey's charm and talent has remained so little known. Perhaps some student of the period will some day give us a biography of "The Sylph," as she was known. Mr. Balfour tells us that the *Edinburgh Review* of last October printed an "admirable essay" about her, by Mr. Reginald Blunt. After looking over the list of her library, which has, by good fortune, been kept intact until now, I am sure she was worthy of the good company that used to gather in her house. She had a copy of the poems of John Donne, for instance. A spirited hostess, too: at her country home in Ireland she evidently held excellent routs. "When you come to sup with us the grotto shall be illuminated with yr coloured lamps, or if it is a time most encouraging to all sorts of madness you shall see the moon rising upon a gap of the River." And a manuscript bill for a ball she gave to the corporation of the town of Kinsale, November 21, 1785, shows the dimensions of her hospitality.

Mrs. Vesey was a great letter-writer. Her flirtation with Laurence Sterne, who admired her vastly, somewhat scandalized the more rigorous of her friends. I think I shall lift out her bookplate from Mr. Robinson's catalogue and reproduce it here, just because I often thought of her on crowded afternoons on Vesey Street.

* * *

In the course of some spring cleaning in this desk, I contemplate three letters. It is, of course, unpardonable to reprint what was written with no faintest thought of print; but that, after all, is what we all most relish. So here goes, without any hint of identity. The first was from British Columbia, the second from England, the third from 44th Street.

I

> We have just got up from grippe. We were both laid down together, she ahead of me by three days. I thought I was not going to succumb, could nurse her, do the whole thing, and go on with work. Then, one morning at the store, I heard a voice say, "You'd better go along after him." What on earth for? The storekeeper came into the house after me and took my temperature, 102—and I had been sawing wood in the bush that morning at seven. But it was almost worth being both ill to discover what people could be. They came and left jellies, custards, fruit, soups on the dresser. We had just to get up and grab something and then flop again. They came to chop wood. They opened the door and came in and stoked up the kitchen stove and walked into the living room and had a look at the stove there, and when we tried to thank them they said: "O, we've to look after you when you're sick." And now it is spring, the sun on the beach and we crawling back to health very happy with all the birds that are arriving.
>
> What a damn good number of the *Saturday Review*. That means that it's bang full of confirmation of lots of my own beliefs . . . the things that I say to my wife when I suddenly shoot off my own inmost heart about what, to me, is good and what not good in books, despite what others say has been decided. I like Priestley mentioning that some good judges put the "Sentimental Journey" as high as "Tristram Shandy." I like lots he says. I like the repudiation of the Ass of Chartres. I like "In Bed." That's what made me grab paper and take the cap from the stylo.

II

> This is a great life. Touchstone was all wrong about the country. As I dig, I look across the 3-mile wide valley of the Windrush to a big down on the other side, where there's a different sort of weather. Half way up the down there's a wood that was a forest till the Great War devoured it for trench-props, etc., and just below it is a quarry from which Old St. Paul's is locally believed to have been digged, as the new S. P. was (in very small part) digged from our little disused quarry here, where my hens scratch. A goodly place, a goodly time. . . . Visitors are driven from the station (5 miles off, *deo gratias ago*) like Mr. Br
> American friend in Wells's first chaper, by a ho
> still has adventures with his gears. I have no
> my car up yet, but she has been almost gunwale
> once, with the two wheels on t'other side eminent on a high bank of primroses by the road. Besides such delights we have Saxon and Norman churches at a great variety of distances from the door, a powder-closet for you to see to your wig, and such a granary—I believe Marie Corelli must have had one like it at Stratford and that it was only the joy of using it all that made her a flour hoardress during the war.

III

> . . . I am delighted at your reference to Montaigne. You give yourself away. Hardly anyone under thirty-five can appreciate Montaigne. You appreciate him: ergo, you are over thirty-five and quite grown-up.

* * *

Well, I still have six weeks or so before we leave 35 behind. But this comment reminds me that a couple of years ago, for practice in French, I began a translation of Montaigne. It didn't get far. But some people's versions of Montaigne (e. g. the beautiful Bruce Rogers edition) are in huge volumes of vast weight. My translation, as much as I ever did, can be published very briefly. Here it is:

> In true friendship, of which I have had experience, I give myself to my friend more than I draw him towards me. Not only is it more agreeable to do him a good turn than to have him do me one; but further, I prefer that he do well for himself rather than for me. He aids me most when he aids his own interest; and if absence happens to be amusing or profitable for him, it pleases me better than his company. Besides it is not really absence when there are means for us to communicate. In times past I have found value and convenience in our separations: we enlarged our lives and made them fuller, for he was living, enjoying, and using his eyes on my behalf; and I also on his, as completely as if he had been here. There was a part of us that remained ineffective when we were together: we were too well mingled: division enriched the union of our wills. An insatiable appetite for bodily presence suggests some flaw in congeniality.
>
> What we commonly call friends and friendships are only acquaintances and familiarities (knotted by hazard or convenience) by means of which our souls have conversation. But in the friendship whereof I speak, souls are so mixed and blended one with another that they are indistinct; you could not mark the stitches where they were joined. If one urged me to say why I loved him I could only say "Because it was he, because it was I."

Such were the randoms of a desk spring-cleaning.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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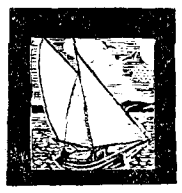

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Books of Special Interest

Three Women Poets

HONEY OUT OF THE ROCK. By BABBETTE DEUTSCH. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1925. $1.50.

BALLADS AND LYRICS. By MARGARET WIDDEMER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925.

THE DIFFERENCE. By HARRIET MONROE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1952. $1.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

IN the development of every poet there comes a time when he has to cross the quicksands that lie between respectable mediocrity and distinction. Week by week in one or another new book of verse we may watch the attempted crossing. Twice or thrice in a year, perhaps, somebody makes the other side. And even then the poetic journey may be said only to have begun. Miss Babbette Deutsch, who has indisputable gifts, is still in the midst of that first crossing and, in spite of some striking lines and stanzas, her new book of verse cannot be said to have carried her to the enviable banks. As an artist in verse she flounders far too often. It is difficult to understand why a poet so patently ambitious should constantly appear in that superficial feminine mood which is content merely to dust some of the pretty bric-a-brac in the drawing rooms of minor verse.

I would have pearls blacker than caviare,
Rubies such as a ripe pomegranate bleeds. . . .

This is the easiest kind of womanly extravagance and it carries her, at the mercy of her rhymes, into such strained comparisons as

Gold pale as honey dripping from a star

(where the moon, or a score of other objects, would serve her purpose just as easily as a star, but for the need of rhyme),

Brought me by slaves like snow and apple-seeds.

If Miss Deutsch means that the slaves will be as white and as dark respectively as snow and apple-seeds, she does not say so. A comparison of dissimilar objects is not a comparison of like qualities in dissimilar objects. This kind of thing, which appears in many another of her poems, is an elementary offence against the poetic art and argues a thinness of the author's fancy. We get such images as appear in her first poem, where rain falling at night is described as an invisible net of music in whose scarcely-palpable, wavering mesh the thoughts of the listening lovers are entangled.

Miss Deutsch has yet to learn how to make her meaning clear instead of contenting herself and dissatisfying the reader by merely expressing the general "drift" of her mind. Occasionally she chisels the meaning of her work as well as its sound and appearance:

Love would link the limbs to find
The secret texture of the bones;
Love will quarry till it owns
Half the mystery of the mind.

Elsewhere her work is marred by a certain uncertainty of purpose. Nevertheless there are signs of real promise in the sometimes saccharine pages of "Honey Out of the Rock," and we may anticipate better things in the future. To apply any save high critical standards to Miss Deutsch's poetry would be to degrade it.

Miss Margaret Widdemer appears less ambitious, but her achievement is, at its best, more satisfactory. She tends rather to make a passionate fuss about nothing (from the reader's point of view, of course) in many of her love poems. Like most minor poets she cannot illustrate abstractions without concrete images and similies. Her horizons are misty when they should be clearly cut. To say that Peace is "like a white image against a velvet night," that "Regret is like a slim girl shrouded and unbowed," is to say little or nothing. "Pageant" and some other half dozen poems in the volume are well felt and sufficiently wrought . . .

Though I go by with banners
Oh never envy me
These flags of scarlet flying,
This purple that you see. . . .
This air of marching triumph
Was all that I could save
Of loves that had an ending
And hopes that had a grave.

But her trick of borrowing these grandeurs to deck such moods is rather strained and often forces her theme higher than it can fly of its own volition. Miss Widdemer, however, brings to much of her verse an emotional honesty which is only lessened by this tendency to overstress what she has to say. Her book deserves a close reading.

Of Miss Harriet Monroe less need be said. Her familiar, picturesque style is always well employed, though sometimes one notes a thinness in the content of her work. She makes images for their own sakes and one admires them without necessarily admitting their significance in the context. Thus she describes in great detail the geysers in the Yellowstone (and the descriptions are interesting and well done) only to end the poem, lamely, with the question "How do you like it up here? why must you go back to the spirits of darkness? what do you tell them down there about your little glorious life in the sun?" Her work is characterized by a certain precosity, a Parnassian clarity of language but not of metrical form, an obvious love of "art for art's sake." But Miss Monroe is a poet who wrongs her genius by preferring *vers-libre* to the more difficult kinds of poetic construction and there are dimensions of beauty in the reprinted "Columbian Ode" which do not appear in her later "freer" work. It is no mean thing to have achieved such a personable style as marks every page of her book. And yet something whispers that Miss Monroe might serve her Muse better if she thought of poetry more by its results and less by the theoric hinted at in her preface.

Scenes of the Past

SHADOWS ON THE PALATINE. By WILFRANC HUBBARD. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1925. $2.50.

ORVIETO DUST. By WILFRANC HUBBARD. With an introduction by R. B. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM. The same.

Reviewed by LLEWELYN POWYS

TO be able to reconstruct with any semblance of reality the speech and manners of a past age is a task that requires not only erudite historic knowledge, but also the kind of inspired insight that suggests a spiritual kinship with the epoch described. Continually there have lived men who may be said to have been born out of due time, men whose innate temperaments would seem to fit them for ages quite other than those in which they happen to live. Walter Savage Landor is, of course, a supreme example of this and in his "Imaginary Conversations" he manages to recreate for the reader a most steadfast illusion of those times "out of which he came."

Although Mr. Hubbard's writings are sponsored by Mr. Cunninghame-Graham, who apparently—gallant and generous gentleman that he is—finds it impossible to refuse anybody an introduction, we do not feel that they really carry with them the living perfume of past days. "Orvieto Dust," writes Mr. Cunninghame-Graham, "could only have been written by a man into whose soul the dust of the old town had penetrated." The present reviewer finds that the dust that has penetrated into Mr. Hubbard's soul is dry dust, that is to say, it has remained unillumined and has little or nothing to do with the golden notes that once, floating upon golden air, enhanced the beauty of the ancient town. Cunninghame-Graham assures us that Walter Pater could have written tales "more or less" in the style of Mr. Hubbard. "More or less, more or less!" Aha! there is the rub, for who could confuse a broody farmyard hen sitting stolidly upon eggs made of inert china with a secretary bird refined, tapering, exact, and complicated?

Mr. Wilfranc Hubbard very obviously has given a great deal of attention to the history of Rome and other Italian towns, but his imagination, alas, is of a chatty academic kind. The scenes he evokes are almost invariably commonplace scenes and what little vitality they possess would seem to be derived from the shock of envisaging ordinary everyday human reactions at work in some past period. Occasionally, however, we come upon a happy thought such as "The wise ruler permits all religions but believes in none," or a charming form of address as when the old woman Chrysis greets the young Christian girl and her friend with "You are two drops of honey, one as sweet as the other," or a platitude as comfortable as the following "Women are everywhere. But one woman is only to be found in one place."

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Individualism or Socialism?

A controlled individualism rather than either of these extremes is the new type of procedure most in favor today. In advocating this mean, Professor Clark concludes that industry is a matter of public concern and that the "stake which the public has in its processes is not adequately protected by the safeguards which individualism offers." But since society does not know what it wants, to let individualism—controlled as much as may be—hold the field is the lesser evil, and the one from which society suffers less on the whole.

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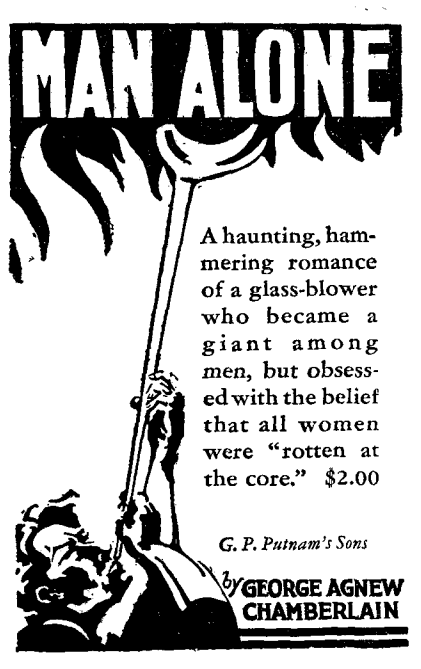
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A Letter from France

By Louise Morgan Sill

A NOBLE defense of the memory of Edgar Allan Poe is made by Camille Mauclair in his new book "Le Génie d'Edgar Poe" (Albin Michel). He resumes the accusations against Poe of inebriety, morbidness, vagabondage, brutality, etc., in order to refute them by proven facts and testimony, and shows how, on the contrary, Poe's early marriage to his cousin, Virginia Clemm, was the inspiration of his life. Mauclair's study of Poe's methods—as distinctly stated by Poe himself—is a valuable addition to the controversy on this subject. Poe's influence on French poets and novelists has been profound. Paul Valéry, just elected to the French Academy to fill the chair of Anatole France, recognizes his debt to Poe, to Mallarmé, to Leonardo da Vinci. M. Mauclair dedicates this sincere and lucid psychological study to Maria Clemm, Poe's mother-in-law and aunt, who shared the sorrows of his unfortunate life and protected him to the extent of her power. The author states that he assumes the reader's familiarity with Poe's life and work.

Abel Hermant's admiration of and love for Plato appears in his "Platon" (Grasset), which is a delightful discourse on a philosopher without saying much about his philosophy. The design of this short and readable work is to make Plato live before us, and the author disclaims all intention of writing as a pedant or an erudite classicist. He is almost too modest, for he knows his Greek and his Plato well, and brings his reader nearer to the man. The learned will put this book aside, but the general reader who has enjoyed the "Banquet" and the "Dialogues" will like these genial pages. The volume is the first in a series called "Les Heures Antiques," and will be followed by an Ovid by Henry Bordeaux, an Erasmus by Pierre de Nolhac, and a Virgil by Henri Brémond. All these authors are members of the French Academy.

The works of the poet Lamartine, having now lapsed into public ownership, several editions have recently appeared. There are, notably, "Graziella," published by Lemerre, and an edition of the "Méditations Poétiques" (Payot), followed by some of the most beautiful poems, and illustrated with engravings by Deveria, Célestin Nanteuil, and the two Johannots. The best all-round edition among these new volumes is a collection of "Œuvres Choisis" (Hatier), edited by M. Maurice Levaillant, himself poet and critic, who has collected the most important works of Lamartine in a thousand pages, framed in an excellent life of the poet, and illustrated with engravings. This work suffices in itself for a complete knowledge of the subject, and would be the most useful in a private library. There is also a book about Lamartine's mother, composed with the aid of unpublished documents by M. Camille Latreille, entitled "La Mère de Lamartine" (Van Oest), which recalls the poet's words about her in his "Confidences"; "My young and beautiful mother, reared amidst the elegance of a splendid court, passed with the same smiling resignation and the same interior happiness from the apartments and gardens of a princely mansion into the bare little room of a house that had been empty for a century," etc. This is the keynote of the character of his mother, whose own poetic and romantic reveries found expression in the art of her son.

And then—we come upon a new book called "Le Crépuscule des Blancs" (Payot), in which M. Maurice Muret warns us that the civilization of the white races is in the utmost danger of perishing—the civilization of Plato, of Poe, of Lamartine! It is not our first warning. M. Muret is correspondent of the *Gazette de Lausanne* and writes effectively in the *Journal des Débats*" of Paris. He finds the menace of the various colored races constantly increasing. He points out that the Great War, which "gave the world, along with magnificent proofs of individual heroism, the spectacle of the most bloodthirsty barbarity," was watched with horror and disillusionment by the oriental and other colored races, who saw with amazement the men who pretended to dominate the world killing one another from motives of interest, and conceived for them an "audacious scorn." The author quotes from various Oriental sources such observations as this:—"Western civilization, sunk in materialism, paralyzed, suffocated under the weight of organized capital, is on the point of going under," etc., a remark launched by Ikuta Choko, the Japanese translator of Nietsche. But a French critic, Gerard Bauer, observes, on commenting on this book: "Low as we have fallen in Europe, any other civilization that could come to us from without would be more barbarous still." (Lothrop Stoddard's "The Rising Tide of Color" was issued in French by this same publisher.)

The lordly and romantic figure of Jules Barbey d'Aurevilly forms a striking frontispiece to Henry Bordeaux' little book about this admirable writer's life and work entitled "Barbey d'Aurevilly" (Plon). Born of the *petite noblesse* of Normandy, Barbey left his home in Saint-Sauveur-le-Vicomte and went to live in Paris, where he supported himself chiefly by journalism, with frugal results. He managed nevertheless, as men of genius have a way of doing, to produce an enormous quantity of work, including his novels "L'Ensorcelée," "Le Chevallier des Touches," "Une Vieille Maitresse," etc. The list is too long to cite. In his early youth he had been a pupil at the famous Collège Stanislas in Paris, so that when he returned to the capital he was not altogether a stranger, and was soon drawn into the vortex of city life. His dandyism—begun after an accidental meeting with Beau Brummel, then residing old and forgotten at Caen—brought him into special notice as somewhat eccentric. It was not until his fortieth year that he returned for a while to Normandy and discovered it anew. Henceforward he wrote of its people, its landscapes, and customs to such an extent and with such devotion that Bordeaux calls him the Norman Walter Scott—which is as it may be, the present writer's conviction being that Walter Scott is unapproachable in his own domain by any writer, living or dead. Barbey d'Aurevilly lived to be eighty-one, dying in Paris in his modest room in the rue Rousselet, where the friendship of women, whom he had always adored, had made his old age supportable.

A thoroughly entertaining novel is "Quand on Conspire" (Grasset), by Raymond Escholier, who wrote—also in collaboration with Marie-Louise Escholier, "Dansons la Trompeuse," which took the Prix Northcliffe, and "Cantegril" (Prix Vie Heureuse). The story takes place in the Pyrenees region of southwestern France, and besides painting provincial manners and characters with a light touch, furnishes a playful plot of conspiracy and love which is fresh and amusing. The wood engravings by Pierre Lissac are as clever as the text. The time is that of Napoleon III, and the vast beruffled crinoline of the stately heroine, Isaure Solères, plays an important rôle in the story. The feats of the conspiring hero, Faustin Pescaire, irresistibly suggest the prodigious adventures of Douglas Fairbanks.

Here is a novel about prehistoric man, placed in the time of the cavemen of the Dordogne region of southern France, who ornamented their caves with drawings of bisons and reindeer which command the admiration of moderns. "La Fin d'un Monde" (Grasset), by Claude Anet, novelist and playwright, is certainly one of the most curious of the new books, and furnishes an easy method of acquainting oneself with the life of our primitive but artistic ancestors, whom we willingly prefer to apes. M. Anet gives a short bibliography of his subject, citing especially his long conversations with experts such as Abbé Henri Breuil who discovered so many of the cave drawings, and M. Peyrony at Les Eyzies—where the writer of these notes had the wondering delight of visiting one of the most renowned of these caverns and of seeing, with some difficulty of course, a fine drawing of a bison made about 12,000 years ago. M. Anet's is probably the first novel ever illustrated by cavemen, as the pictures are all reproductions of their designs.

"Vallée Heureuse" (Plon), by Martial-Piéchaud, who wrote "Le Retour dans la Nuit," "Le Dernière Auberge," several plays, etc., is a good story—inoccuous also—and well done. A young girl, Valérie Sabouraud, enters a convent as a novice, for domestic reasons that have disillusioned her with life, but on the death of her mother is called home. Managed more or less by two worldly and selfish married sisters, she feels impelled to renounce her vocation for a cloistered life and to undertake the care of her father, now left alone and an egoist of the perfect type. The tale centers in the girl herself, her brief experiences with love, her struggles against temptation, the final ruin of her hopes caused by her father's treachery, and ends in her return to the convent after his death.

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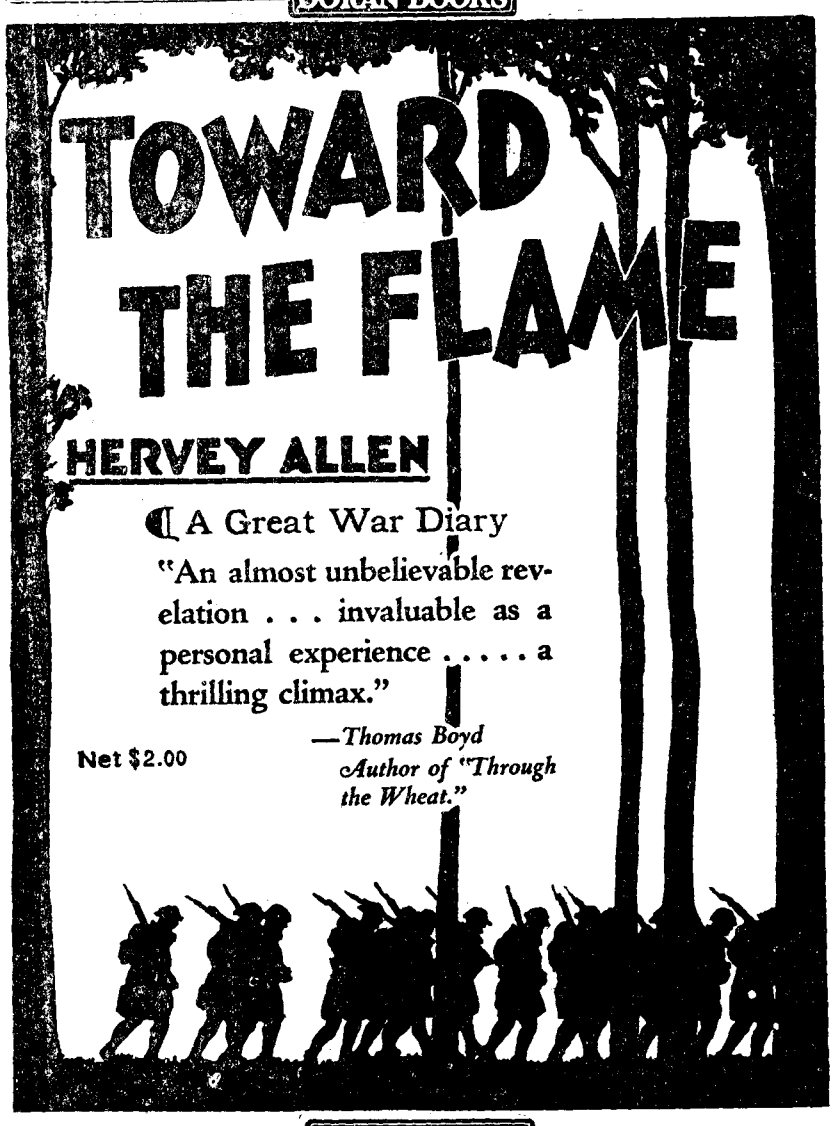
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Points of View

An American Poet

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

It is but fair enough to affirm that in the life-work of the late Josephine Preston Peabody—(all poetry)—is comprehended the final fulfilment of American poetic utterance of an era which had a definitive ending but which still shows no equally effective signs of significant new beginnings. A very competent critic remarked to me only the other day that reading her poems over again he could find little satisfaction in contemporary poetry. This is undoubtedly her true epitaph. Many and indeed various strains that had gone to make up the general body of poetic utterance were caught up by this gifted woman and translated into ineffable terms. Never popular in any wide sense because she came a little too late to minister to a public that once really cared for poetry;—the writer can recall personally the period when Robert Bonner paid $7.50 a line for Longfellow's "The Hanging of the Crane," when the publication of Whittier's "Snowbound;" and Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" were national events: when the latest poems of Tennyson and of Swinburne were cabled over to us. Verily "not often" in these days "doth the breath of song blow o'er us." To be entirely frank this has not happened for a generation at least. In the exquisite strains of Aldrich and of Josephine Preston Peabody seems to be embodied about all the muses finally wished to grant us. This writer refers his readers frankly to her work. How many of them really know it? Certainly a complete volume embodying her five or six slim books should be granted us. As for the "Diary and Letters" recently published by the Houghton Mifflin Co. they are an infinitely precious record of a perfect soul. It may smack almost of hyperbole, but this writer who knew her for years in the full flower of her being, has indeed sought fruitlessly for any discordant note in the general or particular record of her life. She was in truth the woman to whom Edward Coate Pinckney might have inscribed his "Toast:"

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone
A woman of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon.

And moving through all her flowerful years to her early death—she was a year in dying—Helas, Apollo!—one is inevitably reminded of the lines from the Greek anthology:

Thou wert the morning-star among the living
Ere thy fair light was fled,—
Now having died thou art as Hesperus giving
New splendor to the dead.

To read this "life"—for the "Diary and Letters" is little else, is to come to terms with the best ideals of the higher life—of life always indeed and everywhere if it could be granted to us. That life had as its motto the words from St. John which Edward Everett Hale always printed at the top of his letter-paper: "That ye should have life, and have it more abundantly." She wrote

I know whatever light may be
And light it is that lightens me:

And she lived thus always:—a child of light!—to whom—as should inevitably have been given the gift of true song.

Criticism finally—in another sense—will find itself practically dumb in the presence of this woman—of her life as she lived it—and of the expression of her genuine gift. She remains in American letters the precious pearl that Othello exalted as "richer than all his tribe."

This final volume is practically an autobiography. And both on account of the subject and its high literary value it is the most significant purely personal record that has been produced in the whole history of American letters. The publishers compare it in the "blurb" to the "Diary of Marie Bashkirtseff," but it has a far more permanent value than that morbid cry of a half-fulfilled soul. For this is a record of perfect fulfilment—of final crowned achievement—and we are made acquainted with every step of the path in the most self-revealing terms, and in a style that seems as equally inspired as her poetry. There are pregnant passages that for depth of thought and beauty of feeling and expression are in themselves sheer poetry—as inevitable as the dewdrop itself.

JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.
New York.

At Odds

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I shall appreciate an opportunity to comment upon your recent review of the book entitled "The Faith, the Falsity and the Failure of Christian Science," issued under the joint authorship of Woodbridge Riley, Frederick W. Peabody, and Dr. Charles F. Humiston.

The authors of the book in question have advanced many theories regarding Christian Science which are entirely foreign to its practice and not to be found in its teachings. There is, for instance, no parallelism between Christian Science, Quimbyism, and the doctrine of Mr. Alcott; and no more is there any actual or pretended occult relation between practitioner and patient. Moreover, the use of will power and suggestion, to which reference is frequently made, is specifically prohibited in Christian Science practice. Christian Science, with its system of spiritual healing is original with Mrs. Eddy and our critics' efforts to trace its genealogy to sources other than the Bible, coupled with the implication that it was nurtured in occult mysticism, is the best possible proof that they have failed utterly to grasp the fundamentals of Mrs. Eddy's religious teachings. Indeed, it would be quite as logical to set up the claim that the divine theology of Jesus upon which Christian Science is based was born of the necromantic arts of ancient Egypt and nursed into maturity by the seers and sorcerers of that period. There is of course a similarity in the terminology employed by all writers on the subject of mental and spiritual healing. Messrs. Quimby and Alcott, for example, used terminology common to their day. Mrs. Eddy has done likewise. Aside from this, however, these systems of thought have nothing in common. As to Mr. Quimby's mode of treatment, I may say that he used physical manipulation and suggestion; while Mrs. Eddy relied wholly upon the prayer of spiritual understanding. To contend that such methods bear the slightest likeness to Christian Science treatment is but to betray one's total ignorance of the teachings and practice of this religion.

CHARLES E. HEITMAN,
Christian Science Committee on Publication.

Why Inter the Good?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The alleged "review" of the Bryan Memoirs by William Allen White in a recent number of your magazine was unworthy either of Mr. White or of the distinguished American of whom he attempted to write.

It is perfectly amazing to find White of Kansas adopting the top-lofty tone of the Wall Street big business magnate; the patronizing air, the easy assumption that "poor Bryan is an ignoramus; he knows very little but has a good heart and isn't a liar or a hypocrite."

This smacks of the old days of '96. Evidently the flaming apostle of progressivism in Kansas has suffered a relapse from his ardent days as a reformer.

Bryan is too big a figure in American history to be dismissed by slurs or smart sneers; he looms too large in the great Democratic and progressive movements of the last thirty years for anyone claiming to be historian or journalist or critic to now try to belittle him. His reforms are mostly in the constitution and the Federal statutes or in the laws of our states; he led millions; he laid down the law for his party for a generation; he became the greatest liberal leader of his time.

In 1896 when Bryan first began his fight against plutocracy he had the bitter opposition of Roosevelt and William Allen White and no tongues were sharper, no pens more bitter than theirs. Bryan was anathema; he was a danger to American institutions.

But in 1912 when Teddy led his great fight against the "bosses and trust magnates" he and White stormed the country using words like "predatory wealth," "trust magnates," "lawless corporations," "malefactors of great wealth," and scores of other epithets, and history will show them fighting the very foes Bryan had fought so magnificently sixteen years before when they belabored him so gleefully and generously.

They out-Bryaned Bryan in his best days. And it will not square with history for the Kansas progressive to thrust at Bryan now.

The Bryan Memoirs make an outstanding American book; whether taken as pure political history, or the personal record of one of the most conspicuous political leaders in the life of the nation, or as a human document, or as a picture of the great revolt of the nineties, or as a record of reform movements in America, or as an example of pure, narrative English—no matter how they are taken they constitute a remarkable book.

Why not say so and let Bryan rest in peace?

WAYNE C. WILLIAMS.
Denver, Colo.

Champion has issued "La Chanson de Sainte Foi d'Agen," an eleventh century Provençal poem, edited by M. Antoine Thomas from the Leyden manuscript; and Rutebeuf's "Le Miracle de Théophile," edited by Grace Frank. Both appear in the series of Mediæval French Classics published by this house.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE LONE SWALLOW. By *Henry Williamson.* Dutton. $2.50.

A BOOK OF NONSENSE VERSE. Collected by *Langford Reed.* Putnam. $2.50.

ADVENTURES IN GREEN PLACES. By *Herbert Ravenel Sass.* Minton, Balch. $2.50.

DETOURS. By *Philip S. Marden.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE DANCE OVER FIRE AND WATER. By *Elie Faure.* Harpers. $3.

Biography

THE LOG OF A SHELLBACK. By H. F. FARMER. *Stokes. 1926.* $4.

This, as the subtitle states, is a narrative of life and adventures before the mast in the 'Nineties. It is a somewhat rambling yarn of various ships and voyages, told by a fore-mast seaman of the days of sail. The book deserves a place in any library devoted to the sea. It is well written and authentic. The pictures of ships and sailors ring true.

In years to come when the story of the last sailing ships is being gathered for a final understanding of this great phase of man's activity, first hand accounts of the life, such as this book by able seaman Farmer, will prove invaluable documents. The galley passed from the sea before the advent of the printing press, indeed before the general use of the art of writing, so we have no real idea of how it felt to handle the sweeps, written by the rowers. Indeed it is quite probable if some such account were available, tender-hearted persons would weep at the recital. Mr. Farmer uses rare discretion in detailing the incidents of sail; the book may be safely left in the hands of sensitive elderly persons. It is a bully yarn.

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY. By *Bonamy Dobreé.* Oxford University Press. $5 net.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON AS SEEN BY SOME FRIENDS. Putnams. $2.50.

MY APPRENTICESHIP. By *Beatrice Webb.* Longmans. $6.

THE LETTERS OF ABELARD AND HELOISE. Translated by *C. K. Scott Moncrieff.* Knopf. $3 net.

EDGAR ALLAN POE. By *Joseph Wood Krutch.* Knopf. $3 net.

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS MANNING TO CHARLES LAMB. Harpers. $3.50.

FORTY YEARS A GAMBLER ON THE MISSISSIPPI. Holt.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR. By *Marcelle Tinayre.* Translated by *Ethel Colburn Mayne.* Putnams. $3.50.

SOME AMERICAN LADIES. By *Meade Minnegerode.* Putnams. $3.50.

ANDREW JACKSON'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE BRITISH. Macmillan. $3.50.

Education

LES TROIS PETITS MOUSQUETAIRES. By *Emile Desbeaux.* Edited by *Suzanne Roth.* Allyn & Bacon. **80 cents.**

THE FINE ART OF WRITING. By *H. Robinson Shipherd.* Macmillan.

ORAL ENGLISH FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS. Revised edition. By *William Palmer Smith.* Macmillan.

Fiction

THE LADY OF THE ABBEY. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $2.

That genial Irish ecclesiastic, Canon Hannay, has apparently been putting in some time as a temporary professor at Budapest and has profited by his acquaintance with central Europe to the extent of deriving a plot from the turmoils indigenous to that part of the world. It is a riotous, rollicking story, full of fun and absurdities, but also with a good measure of keen satire that places Canon Hannay in the legitimate line of the classical Irish humor. One may safely assume that the idea of interpreting the emotions of Balkan peoples in terms of Irish speech is a stroke of genius original to Canon Hannay. It is extremely effective and seems entirely appropriate, although one may doubt whether the device will augment the Canon's popularity with that humorless section of his fellow-countrymen which booed "The Playboy of the Western World."

The characters of the story are quite international. There is an American lady of countless millions, the consort of the king of Karnonia, lately deceased, who lost his throne because he fought on both sides in the war. There are also, among others, an Austrian count, a Jewish financier, an Italian naval officer, a Greek, a Russian, and, of course, a dare-devil Irishman. But the most delightful character of the lot is an ex-Grand Duchess, now the reverend Abbess of an Island nunnery that belongs to no nation and whose status affords welcome employment to the League of Nations. A consignment of guns is smuggled to the Island for use in a revolution to restore the youthful heir of Karonia to the throne of his ancestors. The reverend Abbess, who combines a gift for fluent profanity with a ready wit and an ardent pacifism, the heroine of the story. How she deals with the guns so as not only to avert a war but also to add enormously to the capital wealth of her abbey, the reader must find out for himself. He will spend a very merry evening in the process.

DELIGHT. By MAZO DE LA ROCHE. Macmillan. 1926. $2.

Take a dull and simple servant girl from Somerset, give her an exotically alluring beauty that arouses the desire of all the men she meets, place her as a waitress in a primitive Canadian hotel where boarders, bartenders, chambermaids, and cast-off English gentlemen freely intermingle, flavor the tale with the experiences and emotions incident to such intermingling, and add a touch of melodrama at the end. If you know your material well, are sincerely interested in it, and can accurately characterize such intellectually undeveloped folk, you will have concocted "Delight."

For even a semi-sophisticated taste, however, so low a human plane must be heightened in some way if it is to seem significant. One thinks inevitably of other heroines who lived cramped lives in sterile surroundings, of Marie Chapdelaine, Tess, Miss Lulu Bett, the women in "The Growth of the Soil." By any such standard of comparison—and indeed by lower standards still—this story remains essentially undistinguished.

GOLDEN DISHES. By RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA. Small, Maynard. 1926. $2.

This is a naïve story of English country life, of conditioned inheritance, of parted lovers, and of reunions. It is told merely for entertainment and will undoubtedly achieve its purpose for many readers. The roving artist father, "Nutkin," and his uninhibited child, "Pixy-thing," add considerable color and variety, whether in their "Little Villa Hunchback" in Italy or shocking the English country-side during their visit there. The title? "Better a cracked plate with a crust on it than golden dishes with nothing between them."

THE HAPPY GHOST. By H. H. BASHFORD. Harpers. 1926. $2.50.

Everything is of course fair in love and the short story, but when a man can write as well as Mr. Bashford does in "The Escape," for example, one rather resents the ubiquitous trick-ending in so many of his other tales. There are times—as in "Crossing the Bridge" and "The Brink"—when that particular filip becomes a slap.

However, these are very competent short stories of the lighter sort, and perhaps even the trick-ending must be forgiven them. Debonair of mood, ingenious in design, and neatly put together, they may confidently be placed by the bedside of even an exigent guest.

THE DOWER HOUSE MYSTERY. By PATRICIA WENTWORTH. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.

As ghost stories go, this is a good one, baffling, creepy, ingeniously built up, for the greater part of its length, but the *dénoûement* is ignominously weak and ordinary. Amabel Grey, a genteel, comely widow, is in urgent need of immediately acquiring two hundred pounds. She gains the sum by contracting to live virtually alone for six months in the Dower House, an English country residence, vacant for many years because of its uninviting reputation as the abode of particularly active ghosts. The prolonged test of the lady's courage and endurance is begun on the first night of her tenancy by "spook" manifestations of a singularly harrowing variety. These continue intermittently, while that phase of the tale which has its roots in reality is unfolded, the source of the supernatural elements being finally revealed as of human origin.

THE WHOLE STORY. By *Elizabeth Bibesco.* Putnam. $2.

(Continued on next page)

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The New Books

Fiction

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THE HIGH ADVENTURE. By *Jeffery Farnol.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

TRIUMPH. By *John Wiley.* Minton, Balch. $2.

BITTERN POINT. By *Virginia MacFayden.* A. & C. Boni. $2.

SHOW BUSINESS. By *Thyra Sainter Winslow.* Knopf. $2.50.

MR. RAMOSI. By *Valentine Williams.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

SELECTED CZECH TALES. Translated by *Marie Busch and Otto Pick.* Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

MEN OF MYSTERY. By *Wilder Anthony.* Macaulay. $2 net.

ONE TREE. By *A. M. Allen.* Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

THE HAUNTING HAND. By *W. Adolphe Roberts.* Macaulay. $2 net.

THE DEAN AND JECINORA. By *Victor L. Whitechurch.* Duffield. $2.

HEATHER HERETICS. By *Marshall N. Goold.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

FREDERICK LONTON. By *D. W. Croft.* Longmans. $2.25.

CYNTHIA. By *Ernest Pascal.* Brentanos. $2.

ASHES OF DESIRE. By *Pamela Wynne.* Macaulay. $2 net.

THE LAUGHING HEART. By *Beatrice Sheepshanks.* Harpers. $2.

THE OLD KING'S TREASURE. By *Gladys Blake.* Appleton. $1.75.

STORM DUST. By *Constance Smith.* Holt. $2.

HOME TALENT. By *Louise Closser Hale.* Holt. $2.

MAN ALONE. By *George Agnew Chamberlain.* Putnams. $2.

TAGGY AND WAGGY. By *George L. Hart.* Dorrance. $2.

BETWEEN FATE AND AKUAS. By *Maud Kino-Ole Kinney.* Dorrance. $2.

THE GOLDEN SQUAW. By *Will W. Whalen.* Dorrance. $1.75.

THE CRIME AT VANDERLYNDEN'S. By *R. H. Mottram.* Dial. $2.50.

LOVE US ALL. By *A. Neil Lyons.* A. & C. Boni.

JUSTICE WALK. By *Constance Smedley.* Dial. $2.

THE KEEN DESIRE. By *Frank B. Elser.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

THE ABBESS OF CASTRO. By *Stendhal.* Translated by *C. K. Scott Moncrieff.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

THE PIPER'S FEE. By *Samuel Hopkins Adams.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES. By *Ronald Fraser.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

UPSTAIRS. By *Mrs. Victor Richard.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE LADY OF THE ABBEY. By *George A. Birmingham.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THREE KINGDOMS. By *Storm Jameson.*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

A LITTLE CANDLE. By *Mary Sargent Potter.* Marshall Jones.

POOR WHITE. By *Sherwood Anderson.* Modern Library. 95 cents.

Miscellaneous

THE ENGLISH INN PAST AND PRESENT. By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN and A. E. RICHARDSON. Lippincott. 1926.

The English inn has attached to it so much of the romance of reality and fiction that such a volume as this cannot fail to be of interest. The authors have included in their narrative an account of the principal taverns of London and rural England, together with considerable information on touring in the past and present. Their work is primarily a historical and a descriptive survey, though it does not eschew anecdote where anecdote is illuminating. On the whole, it is rather pedestrian in style, but it contains much that is facinating in its record and a wealth of excellent illustrations.

ENGLISH SONG BOOK. Collected and edited by HAROLD SCOTT. McBride. 1926. $3.50 net.

Mr. Scott has prefaced his collection of popular songs with an interesting essay outlining their development in England, and has so chosen them as to reveal not so much the best musicianship in their field as a historical continuity. His selections begin with such eighteenth century favorites as "There Was an Old Woman," from "The Jovial Crew," and "The Watchman's Song," from "The Touchstone," by Charles Dibdin, and come up to the end of the nineteenth century with such inclusions as "The New Electric Light," with words by F. W. Green and music by Alfred Lees, and "Dear Old Pals," by G. W. Hunt. The book brings together a large number of songs that should prove of much interest to lovers of music.

THE ROMANCE OF NAVIGATION. By CAPTAIN W. B. WHALL. McBride. 1925.

The late Captain Whall, known by sailormen the world over as co-author with Captain Todd of "Practical Seamanship," has added another volume to his record of achievement. This has now been published in the United States, a book of great scope, "The Romance of Navigation."

Whall begins with the navigators and sailors of ancient Chaldes and carries on the story of the explorers, the corsairs, the smugglers, slavers, and privateers, through the great times when men found new seas and new lands on their voyages.

The book very properly takes its course in search of the romantic without grounding on the history of sea fights. Here and there naval battles are touched upon but the main thread of the book is kept in mind and an immense amount of interesting lore is spread before the reader. The author goes into matters of rig, of sea customs, and sea legends, and brings to his story the interpretation of a seaman and the burning interest of one in accord with the sea. There is not a dull page in the book.

The chapters on "Sea Flags" and "Aids to Navigation" trace the history of the symbolism of the sea and the development of the service of information from their earliest beginnings. In an appendix Captain Whall records the remarkable achievement of the clock maker Harrison, in the construction of his first chronometers, and his final winning of the award of twenty thousand pounds from the British government in 1762 for the production of a satisfactory marine time keeper.

WHALING IN THE FROZEN SOUTH. By A. J. VILLIERS. Bobbs-Merrill. 1925. $4.

In reading of modern whaling operations one may temper his enthusiasm for efficiency by viewing the operation from the standpoint of the whale—the blue whale—well named. Of course no man is taking needless chances these days. Hunters go into the jungle with express rifles, not with lances or bows and arrows, and men at sea, hunting whale, adopt the most modern methods of slaughter. But in reading a book, and a well written and informative book such as this one by Mr. Villiers, a final chapter seems to be in course of enactment, and not a heroic chapter.

A mother ship and a group of five whalecatchers made up the fleet with which Mr. Villiers signed in the capacity of press correspondent and able seaman. The fleet was assembled at Hobart, Tasmania. It was the most elaborately equipped modern expedition that ever went forth in search of whale oil.

The late Captain Carl A. Larsen, commander of the Ross Sea Whaling Expedition, a Norwegian enterprise, set out in 1923, and again in 1924. On the second enterprise Captain Larsen died through natural causes, on board ship. The "kill" in whales, is not given, but the "yield" in barrels of oil is noted, 17,500 in 1923 and 32,000 in 1924. What this represents in the actual number of great fish taken is uncertain. A large right whale would yield one hundred barrels of oil. According to this figure at least five hundred of the world's largest living things were dispatched during these operations.

Villiers can write, beautifully, and with action. "Whaling in the Frozen South" is a book to ponder over. Civilized man, in international conclave, should set down strict limits to the hunting of whales by modern methods of wholesale slaughter, or we shall have nothing left but books about how they have been exterminated.

PROTECTION OF THE WEAK IN THE TALMUD. By *Mordecai Katz.* Columbia University Press. $1.75.

1001 NIGHTS OF OPERA. By *Frederick K. Martens.* Appleton. $3.50.

THE AQUARIUM BOOK. By *E. G. Boulenger.* Appleton.

LECTURES ON LEGAL TOPICS. Macmillan. $3.50.

THE LURE OF THE SEA. Selected by *F. H. Lee.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. By *Sir William Barrett* and *Rosa M. Barrett.* Holt. $1.50.

LAW REFORM. By *Henry W. Taft.* Macmillan. $3.

THE INTEREST STANDARD OF CURRENCY. By *Ernst Dick.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THE EQUIPMENT OF THE SOCIAL WORKER. By *Elizabeth MacAdam.* Holt. $2.50.

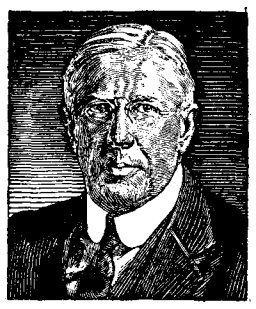
WOMEN: AN INQUIRY. By *Willa Muir.* *Knopf.* $1 net.

New Scribner Books

THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, 1900-1904

By MARK SULLIVAN

The opening book in a group of four, a complete social history of "Our Times: The United States, 1900-1925." Mark Sullivan's observation has missed nothing of interest and significance. He has been as much interested in "Florodora" as in Wm. J. Bryan. Here are the theatre, sports, recreations, styles, business, songs, politics—everything that colored life in America at the turn of the century. *Profusely illustrated.* (March 12.) $5.00



MARK SULLIVAN

F. Scott Fitzgerald's
ALL THE SAD YOUNG MEN

Owen Davis's stage version of Scott Fitzgerald's "Great Gatsby" is now one of the successes of the New York theatre. The mature artist who wrote that book is evident in these stories, which are as entertaining as they are poignant. $2.00

Arthur Train's
THE BLIND GODDESS

Everybody knew that Arthur Train could write a compelling novel about the law. It is a startling revelation of the methods of criminal justice, but it is first of all a colorful, eventful, and swift-moving story. $2.00

L. H. Myers's
THE CLIO *A Novel*

"'The Clio' is a brilliant, enticing, witty, and profound work. His thought is so fascinating and profound, and has such resource behind it, that it is a continuous delight.—*The Nation and Athenæum.* $2.00

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FIX BAYONETS!
By John W. Thomason, Jr.
Captain, U. S. Marine Corps.

This is one of those books that make a publisher say to himself—however much he may have grumbled at various times—"There is no business like the publishing business!" The extraordinary text and pictures are both by the same man. (March 26.) $3.50

THE HISTORIAN AND HISTORICAL EVIDENCE
By Allen Johnson, *Professor of American History, Yale University*

A concrete and extremely interesting discussion of the methods of collecting historical evidence, of doubting and sifting it, of criticising and proving it. $2.00

PLAYS, SIXTH SERIES By John Galsworthy

Combining in one volume "Old English," "The Show," "The Forest." $2.50

CRITICAL WOODCUTS By Stuart Sherman

An unusual book of critical essays, by a critic on whom the eyes of literary America are centred. *Illustrated with woodcuts by* BERTRAND ZADIG. $2.50

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"Familiar Studies of the Commonplace" the author styles this charming survey of the simple beauties of the low-lying landscape. $2.00

THE PORTRAIT OF ZÉLIDE By Geoffrey Scott

Dr. Joseph Collins, after surveying the entire field of contemporary biography, calls this "the best fictional biography that has been published in English." $3.75

CONFESSIONS OF A CAPITALIST By Sir E. J. P. Benn

An economic study with an individual flavor. Now being translated into Norwegian, Dutch, German, and French. $5.00

MYSTERY CITIES By Thomas Gann

Exploration of ancient Maya cities in British Honduras. *Illustrated.* $5.00

FRANCE AND THE FRENCH By Sisley Huddleston

An up-to-the-minute study of contemporary France by a close observer. $3.00

LUCKY SAM McCARVER By Sidney Howard

An interesting experiment in dramatic biography, seen in New York last fall. $2.00

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By Thomas F. Carter

Late Assistant Professor of Chinese, Columbia University

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Philosophy

HOW TO UNDERSTAND PHILOSOPHY. By A. E. Baker. Doran. 1926. $2.50.

The title of this book is somewhat misleading for what is in reality a brief history of Western philosophy couched in the simplest terms. Mr. Baker has such remarkable ability in presenting abstract and recondite doctrines in plain non-technical language that he succeeds in giving, without distortion, the gist of the great speculative systems in a manner which almost anyone could follow. It would be hard to find a better book for beginners in philosophy.

The Subconscious Self. By *Louis Waldstein.* Scribners. $2.

Poetry

POEMS. By Mabel Simpson. Vinal. 1925.

Through this slight and inappropriately bound book of verse runs a strain of lyricism that is pure and clear, at the same time that it is mild and thin. There is something brooklike about its shallow murmur. The employment of refrain, and a nice choice of singable sounds render many inclusions preëminently fit for music. Indeed, the little volume might be called Songs Without Tunes. An exquisitely delicate touch is in such a moving bit as this Epitaph for a Child:

No ray of light,
No breath of sound,
Disturbs this chamber
Underground,
But overhead
A little tree
Moves merrily, moves merrily.

And there is charm of a not so different sort in Vesper:

I heard a meadow breathing grass
On a silent summer day,
I saw a glimmering insect pass,
And a petal drop away.
I laid my cheek against the ground,
My joy was sharp as a grief,
The wind went by with a lovely sound,
And the night fell like a leaf.

The majority of the lyrics are strongly colored with mysticism. The poet thrills with the certainty of a Divine law governing the universe, and observes insistently and gratefully that though flesh is as grass, and dust returns to dust, the good earth endures, and Love is Lord of all. Her ideas are few and are repeated stintlessly. She is not unacquainted with grief, but she seems to be ignorant of evil, and this gives her work some flatness. There are a few extremely inept pieces, such as the lines "To ——":

I am for thee,
Thou art for me,
Eternally! Eternally!

But for the most part, the melody and the grace is all delightfully there.

Religion

JESUS CHRIST AND THE HUMAN QUEST: Suggestions Toward a Philosophy of the Person and Work of Christ. By Edwin Lewis. Abingdon. 1924.

As the subtitle makes plain, and as might be expected from the position filled by the author, this is not one of the many recent attempts to present the historical Jesus, but to evaluate the significance of his career to a philosophy of religion The complete

(*Continued on next page*)

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by May Lamberton Becker

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs. Becker, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

Clara Barron. By *Harvey O'Higgins* (Harpers).

Free Thought in the Social Sciences. By *J. A. Hobson* (Macmillan).

Plays. Sixth Series. By *John Galsworthy* (Scribners).

M. *A. L. L., Hingham, Mass.,* sends me a clipping from the *Boston Herald* in which Philip Hale answers the call in the *Guide* for the source of the phrase "to throw her bonnet over the windmill." "Is it not," says he, "a translation of the old French folk saying 'jeter son bonnet pardessus les moulins,' which means to say good-bye to modesty, innocence, and the respect of the world, to step out gaily on the primrose path?" He suggests that the expression may come from "the fact that women in a fit of rage, not being able to restrain themselves, snatch the cap from the head without caring who sees them," and quotes from P. L. Le Roux's "Dictionaire Comique" (1718) another use of the saying, when French parents, unable to finish a story they were telling to children, would wind up with "I threw my cap over the windmill and did not know what became of it."

R. B., New York City, asks for "new books on religion" and from the rest of the letter it is clear that he is trying to get his bearings, none of his old landmarks being available.

SOME months ago a series of reports from British men and women of letters, each called "My Religion," appeared in English newspapers and were soon welcomed in the American press. They were of all shades of belief, and many of the faiths were hand-made, or at least shaped to individual needs by honest thinking and tested by living: about all they had in common was strong and searching sincerity. The set is now published in this country by Appleton, as "My Religion," and a similar series is now running in the *Herald-Tribune,* by American writers. If the inquirer wishes to survey the faiths of the world, especially in their ethical bearings, there is Alfred W. Martin's "Comparative Religion and the Religion of the Future" (Appleton). For a vivid and inspiring record of rich experience, Dr. George A. Gordon's "My Education and Religion" (Houghton Mifflin) will be long remembered by anyone who so much as begins it, for to begin it is to go on. Dr. Gordon is a Scotchman who has had forty years of Boston and his education is set down on both sides of the ocean and from life in the world as well as in the pulpit. The collection of "Best Sermons of 1924" gathered by Dr. Joseph Fort Newton (Harcourt, Brace), has been followed by another which seems to me an even better selection, "Best Sermons of 1925" (Harcourt, Brace), and Macmillan has this year brought out "The American Pulpit: the Mind of the Church Mirrored in the Sermons of Twenty-five of the Most Influential Preachers in the United States." Edward M. Chapman's "A Modernist and His Creed" (Houghton Mifflin) is based upon personal experience.

A. D. P., Chevy Chase, Md., asks what newspaper man has lately written a life of Sargent, and what else has he written?

WILLIAM HOWE DOWNES, author of "John S. Sargent" (Little, Brown), was art editor of the *Boston Transcript* for more than thirty years previous to his retirement in 1923. He has written many magazine articles on art matters, besides his newspaper criticisms under the familiar initials W. H. W., and several books, of which the most important is the "Life and Works of Winslow Homer" (Houghton Mifflin).

Several readers have sent reports on difficulties attending getting a copy of the original work of Bishop Meade on the old families of Virginia, or of the reprint, and have suggested lines of search, but the Rt. Rev. Beverley Tucker of Norfolk, Va., makes this unnecessary by telling me that there is a recent edition issued by Lippincott. "Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia," by Bishop Meade, with index to same, compiled by J. C. Wise, two volumes octavo, ten dollars.

J. A. B., Clarkeville, Tenn., asks for recently published books on the study of the opera, including modern opera.

"THE OPERA," by R. A. Streatfield (Dutton), was first written thirty years ago, and long held high rank among the books of plots because it combined with these an outline of the history of opera. It has lately been brought to date by Edward J. Dent, who has recast the later chapters and added much new material, especially in the sections on Russian and on English opera.

The very newest book of this sort is also the most original in its method of arrangement; it would seem as if a new grouping of opera plots would by this time be out of the question, but Frederick H. Martens, in "1001 Nights of Opera" (Appleton), has accomplished this feat by grouping by subject instead of by schools, by composers, or by the time at which the opera was written. Dividing into chapters on operas of the Orient, of Greece and Rome, the Middle Ages, the New Yorld, and so on, he arranges within these limits so that the Faust operas are brought together, those on Don Juan, on Cellini, or on the Lorelei, and countless others. The more important are told through, briefly but quite well enough to get a good idea of the plot; of those that have faded he names the arias that remain, like "Bois Epais" in Lulli's "Amadis." The modern operas are especially well represented: the book leans over the edge of tomorrow. Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" is here as well as his "Krazy Kat" ballet, and a surprising number of works bears the date 1925. All told, it is one of the most readable and generally useful reference books for the opera-lover.

J. A. B. asks also for a new book on interior decoration, for home use.

I HAVE found "Your Home Beautiful," by Lucy D. Taylor (Doran), as practical as it is stimulating. It would not come amiss if one were spending a great deal of money, but it would be a boon to the amateur with limitations both of space and of money. Many drawings and colored pictures make what it says even easier to understand.

J. A. P., New Haven, Conn., asks if there is a book of camp songs for boys from seven to fourteen, especially for tramping and paddling.

THE "Boy Scout Song Book," published by Ditson, or sold by them for forty cents, will answer this purpose. *C. C., Wheeling, W. Va.,* asks if any firm deals in photographs and prints of contemporary men of letters: he knows that they may often be obtained from the publishers, but wishes to go to one source. Underwood and Underwood, of this city, seem to be indicated in this case. *H. G., New York City,* asks for a book with information as to how various things are eaten at the table, and on table manners in general, for a boy "with surprising holes in his information and too shy to hunt up what he needs. Mrs. Post's 'Etiquette' is rather post-graduate and a little too general." This boy is about to enter one of the smaller colleges. "Etiquette at College," by Nellie Ballou (Handy Book Corporation, Harrisburg, Pa.), deals with table manners as directly as it does with the other exigencies of life for young people away from home. "Eating roasting-ears," it says, "is perhaps the most savage demonstration at modern tables," and advises the student to "go at it frankly and as conservatively as possible," remembering that "while engaged with corn on the cob, nothing else should be attempted, gestures or conversation." It has many other uses for its special audience, such as the admirable advice it gives on introducing speakers or on the technique of showing old grads about the place. In the latter case it says, "It is risky to make remarks about old pictures to a visitor. The subjects may have been relatives."

(*Continued on next page*)

YOU ARE A WRITER. **Don't you ever need help in marketing your work?**

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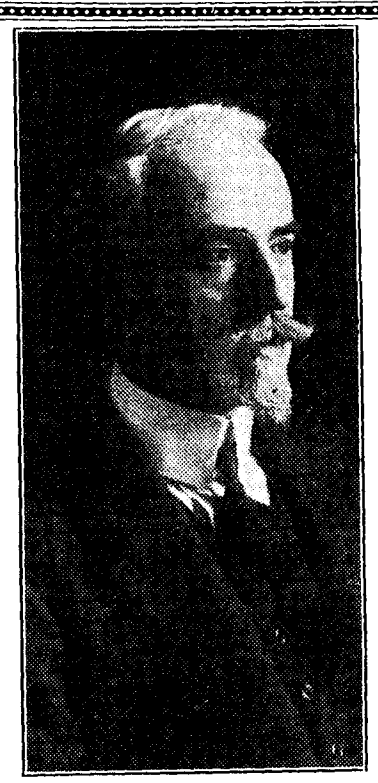

WHAT'S in a name? Confusion, on occasions. Wickham Steed, who holds the place of honor in our issue this week, must often have smiled over the errors which arose because of the resemblance of his own name to that of that knight-errant of British journalism who went down on the Titanic, W. H. Stead. But beyond the fact that both were journalists, and both were idealists, there was small similarity between them. "That distinguished looking man, so slim, so handsome, so intelligent, so ready to speak at length after dinners, and in every way so unlike the popular conception of what an Englishman should be," is the picture which his compatriot, H. W. Nevinson, has drawn of Wickham Steed as he appeared during the Washington Conference. For Mr. Steed has been a diplomat as well as a journalist and an editor; indeed, his advice was sought by kings before the war and by statesman after it. As editor of the London *Times* from 1919-1922 he exerted a powerful influence upon British public opinion at a time when to influence that was to influence the world. As editor of the English *Review of Reviews* he is still according to his own confession "prejudiced in favor of what seems 'right' and against what seems 'wrong.'"

When we cabled Mr. Steed that "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House" was about to be released and asked whether he would review the work for us, he replied with the promptness of the seasoned journalist that he would. Do you not think that there may be some of your friends as eager to read Mr. Steed's review as he was to read the Colonel's book? If any such friend comes to mind just take a minute to write down his name and address on this coupon.

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

G. N. D., New York, is looking for a book on typing: he uses the favorite hunt system, but it is too slow, and he wants to go at the matter more systematically, but without a teacher.

IF he uses a portable, the maker probably issues a booklet about the touch system as applied to this machine—one of these has been blinking reproachfully at me from a nearby pigeonhole for these many moons. But there is a book on the subject in general that is interesting from a psychological viewpoint, apart from its usefulness as a guide: "Learning to Typewrite," by William F. Book (Gregg). The author is professor of psychology at Indiana University and director of the psychological laboratory there, and the book has a discussion of the psychology and pedagogy of skill.

E. N., Stamfort, Conn., tells G. W., who asked for French nursery books, of the French editions of Beatrix Potter's books (the titles come out beautifully in the Gallic tongue) and of Bannerman's "Little Black Sambo," published by Stokes and Warne, "L'Entente Cordial des Bêtes," and "Jean Gilpin" (Stokes), adding that for roughhouse fun this family recommends "David Blaize of Kings" (Doran), "The Adventures of an Irish R. M." (Longmans, Green), and Miss Warner's "Life's Minor Collisions," and "Groups and Couples" (Houghton. Mifflin). For two even older treasures "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine" (Scribner), and "The Colonel's Opera Cloak" (Little, Brown). *H. G., Boston*, also recommends the works of Miss Warner complete for fun books. And *S. R. L., Oneida, N. Y.*, is reminded by the "brothers" discussion of a story that was the first piece in either the *Century* or *Harper's* or perhaps *Scribner's*, a few year ago, which she recalls as the most beautiful story about brothers that ever she read, and which she would fain recover, but cannot recall the name and so asks for help from readers.

The New Books

Religion

(*Continued from preceding page*)

and accurate use made by the author of the bibliography of his subject is an assurance of his competence to a public to whom his name is not well known.

Professor Lewis makes quite clear to his readers that the Human Quest cannot place in any other than the foremost position for inquiry the career of which the Synoptic Gospels give us both the fullest reliable report, and the most direct religious impression. He gives credit for unquestionable "sincerity and ability" to the historical critics who depict that career without resort to the supernatural in the sense that this category is employed by the evangelists. At the same time he brings against them the serious charge of prejudging the case. "They want no other than a humanitarian Christ; they also believe that the humanitarian was also the historical Christ; and they so employ the method (of "comparison, criticism, and correlation") that the Gospel story is made to support the prejudgment." How such a charge can be brought without questioning either the ability or the sincerity of critics who strenuously deny the charge is difficult to understand. Nevertheless the book is to be heartily commended.

THE REASONABLENESS OF CHRISTIANITY. By DOUGLAS CLYDE MACINTOSH. Scribners. 1925. $1.50.

This volume won the Bross Prize of $6,000 in a competition of over seventy manuscripts submitted. If the public may judge by previous awards the decision was a wise one. The standard of Bross volumes will certainly be raised by this latest addition. Of the thirteen chapters the first is entitled Apologetics Old and New. The book itself illustrates the contrast, much to the advantage of the New.

Professor Macintosh is well known to students in the field of the psychology and philosophy of religion by his fearless and logical treatment of the facts of present-day experience. Particularly has he interested himself in the problems of epistemology. His justification of Christian Morality, Moral Optimism, the belief in Freedom, Immortality, God, Providence, Revelation, The Historic Jesus, and the significance of His Person and Work, make a clear and logical approach to his conclusions as to Knowledge in General, Religious Knowledge, and Reality.

The main contents of the book were given as lectures on the Nathaniel W. Taylor Foundation at the Convocation of The Yale Divinity School in April, 1925. Their reception at the time by constantly growing audiences of appreciative hearers proved that not merely their substance was welcome, but that it was put in a form so clear and logical as to be easily apprehended even without the printed page.

WHY I AM A SPIRITUAL VAGABOND. By THOMAS L. MASSON. Century. 1925. $2.

The combination of wit and wisdom should suffice to make a book both readable and worth while. Mr. Masson's book has this and more. It is profoundly sincere and intensely earnest. If Mr. Masson has a deep-seated antipathy to any group of human beings it is that known as "critics" in the larger group of "intellectuals." The present writer is willing, however, to sacrifice such aspirations as he may have had to rank with either class in order to commend Mr. Masson's book. A "spiritual vagabond" appears to mean a student of life in its deeper meaning who has determined to explore the problem which Carlyle defined as that of "duty and destiny in the mysterious universe in which we find ourselves," and to explore it "on his own." May there be many to accept Mr. Masson's invitation to join the company!

It may not have occurred to students of the psychology of religion to take as a practical guide the veteran editor of *Life*. That may be because they wrongly regarded *Life* as only a comic newspaper. Its former editor shows that he has studied life to real purpose, and with a seriousness no whit behind the great mystics of the church. Augustine and Francis of Assisi had not acquired the art of "snappy" writing. But Masson proves that one can be as earnest as they, as profoundly religious, as devoutly eager to imbue others with the victory and peace he himself has found in conversion, without relinquishing the style that has long characterized America's leading satirical and humorous weekly. If The American Tract Society has funds to spare we would suggest the subsidizing of a popular edition of Masson's "Spiritual Vagabond."

SEVEN DAYS WITH GOD. By *Abraham Mitrie Rihbany*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE BIBLE UNMASKED. By *Joseph Lewis*. The Freethought Publishing Co. $2.50.

Travel

AROUND THE WORLD AT EIGHTY. By FLAVIA CAMP CANFIELD. Rutland, Vt.: The Tuttle Co. 1925. $2.50.

It was Oliver Wendell Holmes, we believe, who coined the expression "eighty years young." Surely to no one has it ever been more applicable than to the author of this brief record of travel around the world. For Mrs. Canfield, despite her long line of years, took experience with as frolic a welcome as could ever a youthful journeyer, was obdurate against mischance, oblivious of discomfort, and receptive to impressions. She went on her trip alone, and lagged no whit behind her companions in the energy with which she took in the sights her extended itinerary provided. Her narrative ought to fill the hearts of the ageing with courage.

INDIAN DREAM LANDS. By MARGARET MORDECAI. Putnams. 1925. $4.50.

Mrs. Mordecai is an enthusiastic traveler and an observant sightseer even if not a particularly lively narrator, and her account of journeyings in Ceylon, India, and Burma is informed and many-angled. Her route lay along the main traveled ways in great part, her trip affording little that lies without the experience of other travelers to the Orient. But she examined much and carefully, inquired concerning native customs and history, and faithfully recounted what she saw and learned. Her record is a personal one presenting her own reactions to people and events, and introducing occasional anecdotes concerning fellow-travelers and casual acquaintances. An admirer of the Orient, Mrs. Mordecai is tolerant of its divergencies from Occidental manners and points of view, and is always sympathetic in her attitude towards native peoples and customs. Her book lacks vivacity, but it nevertheless has considerable interest.

THE TOUR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO AFRICA AND SOUTH AMERICA: An Intimate Record. By RALPH DEAKIN. Lippincott. 1926. $4.

The interest of this travel narrative, by the special correspondent of the London *Times* who accompanied the expedition, is contained in the vastly illuminating and valuable descriptions of England's colonial possessions in West and South Africa. Of course these significant passages are constantly interrupted by the inevitable tawdry show which attends the presence of Prince Edward—rousing cheers from whites, cordial grunts and yells from natives, prolonged stretches of hand-shaking, flag waving, bowing, scraping, dining, ceremonious receptions, patriotic orations, and other obvious hokum. We are told solemnly, if without any very substantial proof being given of its portentous accomplishments, that "the mission was perhaps the most important trip of our time." At any rate, the author does his best to make it seem so. His book is well illustrated with forty-six photographs, not all of which have "the greatest salesman in the world" for their featured subject.

MY CROWDED SOLITUDE. By JACK MCLAREN. McBride. 1926.

Here is a literary skill of a rare sort—simple narrative by a man who has lived through a most uncommon experience; restrained, modest, but none the less (really, the more) gripping. The language is graceful, forceful, quiet, as becomes a doer. No striving after effects, no rococo, no baroque. Because of the author's capacity for selection of material, he presents an unforgettable delineation of his eight-year solitary struggle against nature and savage, which has no dull spots and no futilities of expression.

The first page catches you like a steel trap, and you are held for hours helpless in its velvet grip. Such an unassuming manner Jack McLaren has in telling about it that one almost forgets the strain and struggle of his exploit, the self-reliance, the daring. He refuses to take himself seriously, and this endearing quality makes the reader in after-thoughts on the book take him and his tale all the more so. It is no slight thing to change a sector of Australia's paleolithic era into twentieth century times; to lead a tribe of black Esaus into becoming Jacobs, by kindness and not by the orthodox way of gunpowder and lash. No slight thing to make a literary story about it, either.

No Cocoa palms on Cape York? Very well, he, the wanderer, will put them there!—even though it involves eight years' abstinence from wandering. What nature's ocean currents and trade winds could not do with the floating nuts in ten thousand years, he would do with transplants in eight years—and he did. After eight years of solitude ("crowded" with life) the tamed jungle blossomed into rows of stately palms dropping nuts like manna. And then, the Wilding came again, and he was off, leaving the solitude a better place to live in for his having been that way,—and the world's bookshelves the richer, too.

"The Journals of T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, 1879-1922," in two volumes, will be published by R. Cobden Sanderson, in a limited edition this Spring. The journals form a record of the last forty years of the diarist's life, and includes the history of the founding of the Doves Press. Catalogs are also given of books bound by Cobden-Sanderson personally between 1884 and 1893, before the founding of the Doves Bindery, and of books printed and published at the Doves Press between 1900-1916.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

SALE OF STANDISH LIBRARY

LIBRARY sets of standard authors, extra-illustrated works, first editions of sixteenth to nineteenth century English authors, mediæval and modern illuminted manuscripts, many choice volumes in sumptuous bindings, together with some fine autograph letters and manuscripts, including the private library of the late Mrs. Hannah M. Standish of Pittsburgh, were sold at the American Art Galleries, March 3 and 4, 594 lots bringing the handsome total of $88,656.

The three sessions were well attended by collectors and dealers, buying was well distributed, and competition, especially for the rarer lots, was very keen. The highest price, $2,700, was paid for an extra-illustrated copy of Irving's "Life of Washington," large paper copy of the first edition, New York, 1855-59, 5 vols. extended to 15, by the addition of views, portraits and autograph letters and documents. Eight leaves from the Gutenberg Bible, with a bibliographical essay by A. Edward Newton, bound in levant, brought $1,750.

Other important lots and the prices realized were the following:

Alken Colored Plates. *The Sporting Repository*, with colored plates by Henry Alken and others, 8vo, calf, London, 1822. Fine copy of this short-lived periodical. $675.

Alken. Surtees's "Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities," with colored plates by Henry Alken, 8vo, original green cloth, London, 1843, second edition but first with Alken plates. $770.

"American Statesmen," first series, 32 vols., 8vo, morocco, Boston, 1898. Large paper, with an autograph letter or document of the subject of the biography inserted. $1,300.

Audubon (J. J.). "Birds of America" and "Quadrupeds of North America," in 131 original parts, 1840-54. One of finest copies known, and extremely rare in this condition. $1,050.

Binding. John Keats's "Poems," 2 vols., small 4to, London, 1904. In a magnificent binding by Reviere. $600.

Boccaccio (Giovanni). "Il Decamerone," etc., 4to, morocco by Bozerian, Firenze, 1527. Robert Hoe copy. $500.

Clemens (Samuel L.). "Writings," 37 vols., 8vo, levant, New York, 1922-23. Definitive edition. $500.

Cruikshank. "German Popular Stories," collected by M. M. Grimm, and illustrated by George Cruikshank, 2 vols., levant by Reviere, London, 1823-26. First issue of the first edition. $325.

Defoe (Daniel). "Robinson Crusoe," 2 vols., 8vo, original calf, London, 1719. Rare first edition. $925.

Dickens (Charles). "Works," 60 vols., royal 8vo, levant, London, n. d. Extra-illustrated copy, extended from thirty volumes. $850.

Franklin (Benjamin). A. L. S., 2 pp., 4to, Boston, September 5, 1763, to Joshua Babcock, chief justice of Rhode Island. $430.

Heywood (John). "The Spider and the Flie," small 4to, morocco by Rodwell, London, 1556. Fine copy of the first edition. $950.

Homer. "Iliad," folio, vellum, Florence, 1488. Large paper copy of the *editio princeps*. $550.

Manuscript. The Sermon on the Mount, modern manuscript of 13 leaves, with miniatures, 4to, London, 1911. Executed by Alberto Sangorski shortly before his death.

Irving (Washington). "Works," 40 vols., 8vo, levant, New York, n. d. Joseph Jefferson edition. $700.

Jonson (Ben). "Workes," 2 vols., folio, original calf, London, 1616-40. First collected edition. $510.

Kipling (Rudyard). "Schoolboy Lyrics," 16mo, wrappers, Lahore, 1881. First edition of Kipling's first book. $1,300.

Presidents of U. S. A complete collection of autograph letters signed, letters signed, and autograph documents signed of the presidents of the United States from Washington to Wilson neatly mounted and bound in a folio volume. $900.

Scott (Sir Walter). "Waverley Novels," 51 vols., royal 8vo, autumn leaf levant, London, and New York, n. d. Extra-illustrated. $800.

The Sporting Magazine, over 2,000 engraved plates, 156 vols., 8vo, half calf, London, 1792-1870. Fine complete set. $1,125.

Surtees (Robert). "Sporting Novels," 5 vols., 8vo, all in original parts, in cases, London, 1853-65. $1,525.

Symonds (John Addington). "Works," 68 vols., 8vo and 12mo, three-quarters levant, London, Oxford and Bristol, 1857-1902. First editions. $900.

SALE OF DROUET LETTERS

THE report comes from Paris of the sale at public auction of the letters written by Juliette Drouet to Victor Hugo, numbering, it is said, many thousands. This actress, whom Hugo loved, retired from the stage and lived a life of seclusion for fifty years. Almost every day during that period she wrote the famous author a letter, as he had asked her to do, although they were seeing each other regularly as well, and this collection was carefully preserved. Victor Hugo spoke of these letters in one of his letters to Juliette, in which he said: "Our life is there, recorded day by day, thought by thought. Every dream of thine, every suffering, is there. The letters are so many charming little mirrors, each one of which reflects a view of thy splendid self." This collection of letters associated with the memory of one of the greatest French authors, unique in literary history, brought $700. If they had been offered in New York, beyond a doubt they would have brought many times this figure.

GIFT OF RARE BOOKS TO YALE

A COLLECTION of rare editions of thirty-five sevententh century English poets recently given to the Widener Library at Harvard is now on exhibition in the Treasure Room. The gift was made in memory of Lionel de Jersey, Harvard '15, a lineal descendant of John Harvard, who was killed in action at Boisleux-au-Mont on March 30, 1918. The donor has requested that his name be withheld. The poets represented includes John Cleveland, Abraham Cowley, Thomas Stanley, Sir John Suckling, Sir John Taylor, George Wither, Frances Quarles, Henry Vaughn, Samuel Daniel, Michael Drayton, John Davies, John Taylor, the Water-Poet; Giles Fletcher, the younger; Sir William Davenant, James Harrington, Richard Crawshaw, Sir John Denham, Francis Hubert, Robert Anton, Thomas Nabbes, George Buck, John Hepwith, Samuel Rowlands, Nicholas Hooker, Alexander Rosse, Thomas Carew, Robert Stapleton, Joseph Hall, Richard Lovelace, Ben Jonson, George Chapman, Richard Flecknoe, and Nicholas Breton.

NOTE AND COMMENT

FORMER Premier Venizelos of Greece has finished his trnaslation into modern Greek of Thucydides's "History of the Poloponnesian War." A prologue, a commentary upon the text and a political disquisition will complete this work of fifteen volumes. The work will be unique, because never has a practical statesman commented upon the kork of the greatest and most difficult Greek historian.

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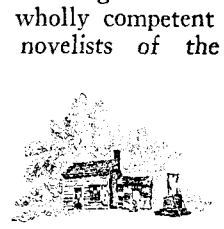

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TEEFTALLOW

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Doubleday, Page & Co., $2.00

The Phoenix Nest

A FEW recommendations, kind people,—a few recommendations! * * * First, fiction! *D. H. Lawrence* can be infuriating, as he starts out to be (from the point of view of any good American) in "The Plumed Serpent." But the book is nevertheless one of the new novels you can't afford to miss. * * * The Plumed Serpent is the English name of Quetzalcoatl, one of the old Aztec gods. The scene is modern Mexico. The theme is an attempt among the peasantry to revive the ancient deities. * * * And then, Lord love us all, here is "Love us All!" by *A. Neil Lyons.* Have you ever read "Arthur's"? If not, you have missed one of the particular plums of literature. * * * And Lyons has a bundle of other books to his credit. * * * He calls this new collection of his stories "Some Exclamatory Notes." Be that as it may, they are sure to be gorgeous fragments of life. * * * Albert and Charles Boni have brought out this new Lyons volume. Don't miss it, if you have any humor and human sympathy under your waistcoat. * * * "Clara Barron" is a new novel by *Harvey O'Higgins,* who has come to the fore as one of the most penetrating psychological writers of our time. * * * His "Julie Cane" was well worth reading, and we hear that "Clara Barron" is better yet. * * * His studies of some distinguished Americans supposedly in "Who's Who," published some years ago, were unusually interesting portraits,—imaginary and yet done with such subtlety and insight that one could hardly believe they were not actual biographical sketches. * * * When "The Spanish Farm" appeared, it received much encomia. Now *R. H. Mottram* has produced "The Crime at Vanderlynden's" which Lincoln MacVeagh brings out at The Dial Press. * * * "The Spanish Farm," you will remember, was awarded the Hawthornden Prize for 1924. It proved to be the first book of a trilogy, the whole constituting the saga of Madeleine and her farm in war-worn Flanders. * * * Next appeared "Sixty-four, Ninety-four." * * * "The Crime at Vanderlynden's" completes the saga. Mottram's work is excellent. * * * The novels of youth by *F. Scott Fitzgerald, Stephen Vincent Benét,* and *Cyril Hume* now recede into what may be called their "earlier manner." "This Side of Paradise," "The Beginning of Wisdom," and "The Wife of the Centaur," with all the reckless lavishness of youth upon them, have been succeeded in each instance by the more firmly-knit and controlled work of the respective authors' maturity. * * * But new youth is ever pushing to the front. Here comes Mr. *F. W. Bronson,* with "Spring Running" (Doran). * * * Certain characteristics of this new first novel remind one slightly of Fitzgerald, of the younger Benét, of Hume. And yet Mr. Bronson's own personality dominates his story. * * * The young man can write. It is perhaps natural that his treatment is often staccato, his style impetuous and headlong. But he has energy and vitality. His story is always interesting. * * * His hero is one of the sad young men (to adopt Fitzgerald's phrase) that blunder through adolescence and various adventures of the heart with mingled folly, cowardice, heroism, stupidity, absurdity, pathos, and grit. * * * One can never tell from a first novel, but Mr. Bronson seems to us to have got away to a good start. Up the backstretch it will be harder going. * * * New books of poetry we can recommend are *Virginia Moore's* "Not Poppy" (Harcourt) and more of *C. Fox-Smith's* sea songs and ballads collected under the title "Full Sail." We have a decided weakness for Miss Cecily Fox-Smith (if it be a weakness). She can chant of the sea and the great ships with any of them, from Kipling to Masefield. Witness:

"Don't you take no sail off 'er,"
The Ol' Man said,
Wind an' sea rampagin'
Fit to wake the dead.

Thrashin' through the Forties
In the sleet and 'ail,
Runnin' down the Eastin'
Under all plain sail.

"She's loggin' seventeen
An' she's liftin' to it grand,
So I'm goin below
For a stretch off the land.

"An' if it gits any worse, Mister,
You can come an' call me,
But—don't you take no sail off 'er,"
Said the Ol' Man—
Said 'e!

* * * We have now had the War in plays and pictures that have deeply impressed the public. And still a few books bring back the war vividly. One new one, that we have been looking through in galleys, is *Hervey Allen's* "Toward the Flame." * * * This is an account of one man's experience in France that you certainly should not miss. The author, being a poet, makes us see what he saw, and feel what he experienced, with unusual vividness. He writes with great honesty and fairness. And he was in some pretty tight places. * * * "The Hounds of Spring," by *Sylvia Thompson,* has gone into its thirty-third thousand. * * * And *Alfred Noyes,* the English poet, has sold over 130,000 copies of his books to date. * * * But "What chances," postals *Louis Untermeyer,* "have us professional rhymers got when the business-men of Modesto (Cal.) put their couplets in an electrically lighted arch over their main thoroughfare (postal on reverse side exhibiting in colors a presentment of the Modesto Arch),

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A perfect lyric, if there ever was one!" * * * Play Bridge? Remember the kind of rhyme by which, in your childhood, you used to remember kings of England, and so on? Well, *Mary Swain Wagner* has got a book called "Auction Bridge Rhyme and Reason," with such similar aids to the memory as,—

Second hand low is a good old rule—
And third hand high if you're no fool,
But Dummy is there for your inspection
Use common sense to make exception.

Of course, that last rhyme—! However —! * * * *Stark Young,* the dramatic critic, author of "The Flower of Drama," and so on, is now having his third book, "Theatre Practice," published by Scribner. * * * Golf soon again! And the same firm brings out "The Links," by *Robert Hunter.* It is principally about how to construct or change a golf course, but contains much general golf wisdom also. * * * If you are interested in the problem of the criminal, go tomorrow to The Community Forum, Park Avenue and 34th Street, for one of their Sunday evening meetings at eight sharp. *Lewis E. Lawes,* Warden of Sing Sing, and expert on penology, will speak, and *Kathleen Norris,* also, on "Capital Punishment." * * * And the Sunday following comes *Scott Nearing,* economist, on "The Economic Development of the United States since 1920." * * * To return to golf, however, one of the most entertaining new books on golf is published by Macmillan, written by *Grantland Rice* and illustrated by the celebrated cartoonist, *Clare Briggs.* It's "The Duffer's Handbook of Golf." Prepare yourself for the Spring * * * We witnessed the première of "Nirvana" by *John Howard Lawson,* and found astonishing fire and vigor in this successor to "Processionals." In it Mr. Lawson asks a fundamental question in striking terms.

Even across strictly scientific thought (he says) there comes the shadow of a new mysticism. Freud has dragged strange monsters from the bottomless sea of the unconscious, Einstein has deposed the straight line. Viewing the mental uncertainties of today, I am convinced that there is a religious need. . . .

The play moved rapidly, electrically forward that evening at the Greenwich Village Theatre. It was lavish of intellectual stimulus. It stamped itself forcibly upon the imagination. * * * Less tricky than "Processional," limpidly intelligent, burningly sincere, we found more food for thought in it than in any play we have seen this winter. * * * Lawson's star seems to us to be rising even as *O'Neill's* hovers to descend. At least, "The Great God Brown," from what we have heard of it, does not seem to be one-two-three with "Nirvana." * * * *Christopher Ward* is now a parodist turned novelist, and his first novel, "One Little Man" (Harper's) will appear about the middle of April. We learn that he has even more fiction on the stocks. * * * Last week we spoke of the Theatre Guild's plans for repertory, and now here comes an announcement from The Neighborhood Playhouse that the success of "The Dybbuk" has afforded that organization an opportunity to establish a repertory theatre. * * * They have built up a permanent company and now wish to build up a permanent and increasing body of subscribers. * * * On the 23d of March, they say, they will become the first professional experimental theatre to adopt the repertory system. * * * And so, our salaam for this week!

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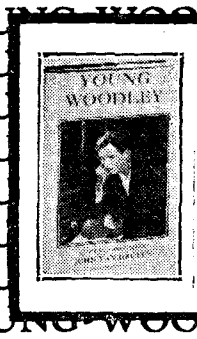

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